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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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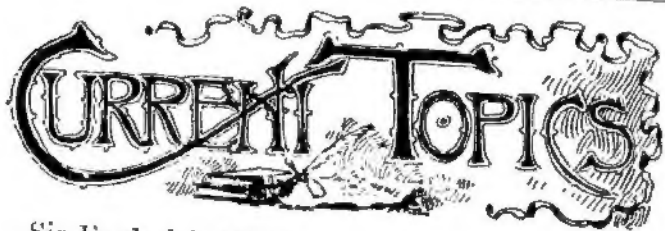
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6th SEPTEMBER, 1890.



Sir Frederick Middleton has appealed to Cæsar—that is, to the people of Canada. We have already expressed our sincere regret that an officer who had rendered distinguished services to the Dominion should have the lustre of his desert impaired in the eyes of the country that he served. It is also to be deplored that the commander of our little army should be placed in a position of ignominy in presence of the soldiers whom he led to victory. On his arrival in Canada in 1884, Col. Middleton (as he was then) was received with much satisfaction by a considerable proportion of the militia, and especially by those officers to whom Major-General Luard's manner had given offence. Like Sir James Craig, General Luard deprecated any attempt on the part of officers or men to express a judgment, directly or indirectly, favourable or otherwise, on their superiors. In accordance with this principle, he declined the invitation of the officers of the 5th and 6th Military Districts to a dinner. Such a dinner, he replied, would represent a collective expression of the opinion of officers under his command, which by the Queen's regulations is forbidden. In his valedictory, published in Militia General Orders, he thanked the officers who had done their best to improve the force in discipline and appearance, and, in conclusion, said that he had made many (he hoped) life-long friends, for whom he entertained a warm feeling of regard, and he wished to all prosperity and a hearty farewell.

Soon after reaching his destination, Col. Middleton was interviewed and was reported as commenting on some of the acts of his predecessor. He was no stranger in Canada, his wife was a Canadian lady, and altogether Canada was well disposed towards him. He had not been a year in command when the North-West troubles tested his generalship and he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of both the Imperial and the Canadian Governments, and was well rewarded for his services. There were some dissident voices, indeed, in the chorus of congratulation. It was not considered fair that all the honours and more substantial prizes of the campaign should be concentrated on one person. Sir Frederick has cleared himself (partially) of the reproach of ignoring the claims of his brethren-in-arms. But his letter, as a whole, will, we fear, make an impression more adverse than favourable to his cause. It is sadly lacking in dignity. In trying to extricate himself from the tangled web of his own weaving, Sir Frederick does not hesitate to clutch at friend as well as foe, so as, if possible, to escape by ensnaring others in its meshes. *Quid pro quo*, perhaps; still it is unworthy of a soldier. We cannot contrasting help with this appeal to the public General Luard's rejection of sympathy which, however welcome, could only be given and accepted by forgetting a soldier's duty. Sir F. Middleton committed, in the first instance, either a blunder or a wrong; or he did what he was justified in doing. If the latter, he ought not to have equivocated, but should have maintained his right

consistently all through; if the former, he should have admitted his error like a man, and, as far as in him lay, made reparation. This, above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Swinburne's poetic outburst of humane indignation against the Russian prison system is unintentionally justified by an official report of the chief director (who is also the inspector) of those establishments. This report was not, indeed, prepared for alien eyes, the last thing that M. Galkin Wrassky, by whose authority it was printed, contemplated when he brought together so many damnatory facts, was the translation of his exposure into French or English. When the recent scandals, which occasioned such an outcry against the brutality of prison overseers, were brought to light, the Government press was emphatic in its denials. But the damaging statements of M. Wrassky, which go so far to confirm them, cannot be denied. W. Wrassky, indeed, wishes it to be understood that the deplorable state of things which he has deemed it his duty to place on record no longer exists; that it was under the administration of the predecessors of himself and his colleagues in office that the prisons of the Empire were overcrowded and filthy and diseased-ridden, and the scenes of lamentable mismanagement and injustice. He would have the world believe that the system of which he is an agent is a reformed system, and that the outrages that prevailed some years ago would not be permitted to-day. But, in the first place, the whole period covered by his report is only ten years. In the second place, some of the worst abuses condemned are ascribed to the years 1886 and 1887. The sickness and mortality produced in those years by overcrowding were dreadful. Typhus fever and other infectious and contagious diseases were rife, and in many cases the sufferers were left without medical attendance. In several prisons there was no provision for separating the sick from the well, and where such provision existed at all, it was frequently inadequate. "Most of the prisons were characterized by rotteness, dampness, want of air and light, by an improper interior arrangement and an execrable state of the cabinets. In many prisons there were no separate rooms for women," while the prison officials "could offer no moral guarantees at all." As to the exiles, "nothing was left to them but to live on stealing." The state of some of the Eastern prisons was simply abominable. Owing to overcrowding shelters had to be dug in the soil, of which the Medical Department's report said: "These dwellings dug in the soil have no cabinets; the soil all round is impregnated with dejections and the air is infected all about." M. Wrassky's report, from which these foregoing passages are taken, is an unanswerable rebuke to those who would defend or gloss over a penal system which, in our day, has no parallel for barbarism, at least within the pale of Christendom.

We have already referred to "The case for the Colony stated by the People's Delegates" as a carefully prepared and comprehensive showing of Newfoundland's side in the "French Shore" question. With the features and the mission of the delegates to Canada, Messrs. Greene, Bowers and Morison, our readers were made acquainted in a previous issue of this paper. We have also expressed our own opinion, more than once, as to the justice of their cause, with which the people of Canada may be said to be in cordial sympathy. It may be recalled that, simultaneously with the departure of the above-named gentlemen for the Dominion, Sir J. S. Winter, K.C.M.G., Q.C., Mr. P. J. Scott, Q.C., and Mr. A. B. Morine, M.L.A., undertook a like mission to England, where they had no reason to complain of their reception by the public. In their fellow-countrymen at home they profess, indeed, the utmost confidence, and being aroused to the justice of their claims, the way will be cleared for a settlement of the question that Newfoundland can accept as fair. The

British press gave them a warm and virtually unanimous welcome, and espoused their cause with a heartiness which they consider full of promise. They express much gratitude to the Royal Colonial Institute, which fifteen years ago compiled a clear and concise statement of the whole subject. "The temper and patience of the people of Newfoundland," according to the report of the Council, "have been sorely tried for over one hundred years. But this state of things cannot be expected to last forever. The time has arrived when national policy imperatively demands that the question should be finally settled, so that the British subjects may no longer be deprived of the right of fishing in their own waters and colonizing and developing the resources of their own territory. The interests of Newfoundland are seriously affected by its being kept open, and those of the Empire require that its right of sovereignty within its dominions should be maintained inviolate." If this language was justifiable fifteen years ago, it is still more so now that the question has assumed a new aspect and the situation becomes more and more complicated with the delay of its solution. The delegates, after carefully examining the question from every point of view, have reached the conclusion that every attempt at a settlement, which implies a maintenance of the spirit of the obnoxious treaties, must continue to prove abortive and can only keep alive old controversies while giving rise to fresh disputes. Only when the treaty "rights" are abolished can the hardships, anomalies and constant succession of troubles to which they have given rise be expected to come to an end. On that point the delegates represent the conviction of the population of the island as unanimous. And from an honourable and amicable adjustment of the difficulty on those terms they believe that even France will derive more real advantage than from the enforced continuance of arrangements which are the source of so many disputes alike unprofitable and discreditable to both the great nations concerned. We sincerely hope that a consummation so devoutly to be wished is on the way to fulfilment.

The anxiety that has of late been felt as the effect of recent frosts on the North-Western crops has been considerably mitigated by a letter from Prof. Saunders to the Minister of Agriculture, dated Indian Head, August 21. "Every sort of crop," writes Prof. Saunders, "looked well here up to last night, and the wheat was magnificent, and also the oats and barley. The Ladoga wheat was all harvested and will turn out well. Last night the first frost occurred. During the afternoon a change in the weather occurred. A slight shower came up with a brisk north wind, which soon brought the temperature down considerably. It gradually fell until about 3 a.m., when it began to rise again. The lowest point reached was 28—five degrees of frost. Early in the morning I telegraphed Mr. Bedford, at Brandon, and found that the lowest temperature there was 34—two degrees above frost. So I think the Manitoba crop, at least in the central and southern portions, may be considered safe, as I think there is more than two-thirds of the crop cut now. Here there is not more than one-third of the crop cut yet. There is no doubt that the wheat standing will be injured. But as most of the grain is well advanced in growth, I do not expect the depreciation by frost will be very great. The Ladoga was all harvested last week and if the bulk of the crop had been Ladoga it would have been saved. Notwithstanding this mishap, the farmers in the North-West will have very good returns. The wheat saved in first class condition will bring a high price, while the good frosted wheat will probably sell for more than good wheat has averaged in the past." This letter may be taken as setting at rest any fear which may have been felt for the Manitoba Central Professor Saunders had passed through Central and Southern Manitoba a few days before and took particular care to notice the progress of the harvesting and the state of the standing crops. His testimony may be relied on.



Twelve months ago we had the satisfaction of recording the celebration in this city of the first Labour Day. In France, the Comte de Mun and other earnest-minded men of the Royalist and Clerical party, had the foresight to anticipate the movement from which this festival has sprung, and to claim for it the sympathy of the Church. It was not difficult, indeed, to show the essential harmony that exists between every form of useful labour and the religion of Him of whom it was said that He went about doing good and who came of a stock of artisans. One of the most pathetic of modern paintings brings out the intimate relationship between the Jesus who wrought and the Jesus who suffered for his fellowmen. The earliest disciples—including even the "Prince of the Apostles"—were, moreover, of the class of workingmen. In proposing, therefore, that a festival should be held in honour of Jesus the Labourer, there was really nothing irreverent. It was bringing the spirit of religion into the workman's daily life. Labour Day is virtually the same festival, divested of any religious significance, save what pertains to all honest work. Its aim is to deepen the sentiment of union, sympathy and coöperation among all branches of labour, and also to increase the honour and prestige of skilled work by showing the extent of its ramifications and the number of interests and more complex every day. In industries that once implied a single trade, half a dozen departments of skilled labour are now necessary. The main distinctions still remain, indeed, but the mysteries (*métiers*) have multiplied to such an extent that the old tradesman who knew and practised all the details of labour is becoming obsolete. This subdivision of labour is in the natural course of industrial development. It tends, however, to make those to whom the various tasks of the divided calling are assigned less independent and more in need of mutual help. Hence the greater necessity for union and organization. At first the trades-union was a cause of apprehension, but the fears that attended its birth and early career have long been dissipated. During the last twenty years the movement has spread through a great part of the Old World and the New, and under some form or other labour is now organized in every civilized country in both hemispheres. As long as the leaders of these organizations are men of good principles, as well as of superior intelligence, the cause of human progress can only benefit by their existence.

The establishment in this city of a Humane Society, which is intended to assume the responsibility of assigning suitable recognition to bravery and fortitude in saving life and other forms of merit will, we believe, be generally hailed with satisfaction throughout the Dominion. It is proposed that the new organization shall take the place of the British Royal Humane Society as far as Canada is concerned. Hitherto when acknowledgment was claimed for any of the virtues which the English institution is always glad to recognise, a certain amount of trouble has been experienced in bringing the facts under the notice of the officers. In many cases, through the reluctance of individuals specially concerned to take the needful steps, through unfortunate delay in making the circumstances known or through ignorance on the part of witnesses that such a society existed, acts of humane courage have either gone without due recognition or have remained unknown beyond the locality that benefited by them. It is naturally expected that the existence in the Dominion of a distinct Canadian society, one of whose duties it will be to take cognizance of displays of heroism that might otherwise pass unregarded, will stimulate the spirit of humane self-devotion by ascribing honour in all cases to whom honour is due. As Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas pointed out, it is not likely that any one will risk his life in the service of others purely for the sake of reward, either in the shape of praise or of more substantial recompense. But the knowledge that bravery and humanity entitle those who exercise such virtues to the esteem of their fellowmen, and that there

exists in Canada a society authorized to give formal expression to the public admiration and gratitude for timely service in the cause of humanity, cannot fail to have a fruitful influence on the national sentiment and character. The Canadian Humane Society will, moreover, set the seal of popular approval on the whole sisterhood of virtues implied by its name. It will be the foe of cruelty in every shape and the advocate of mercy to "man and bird and beast." It will also be a centre of authority and coöperation for all kindred societies which already exist throughout the country, and will, doubtless, be affiliated to it.

### THE GREAT MISTAKE.

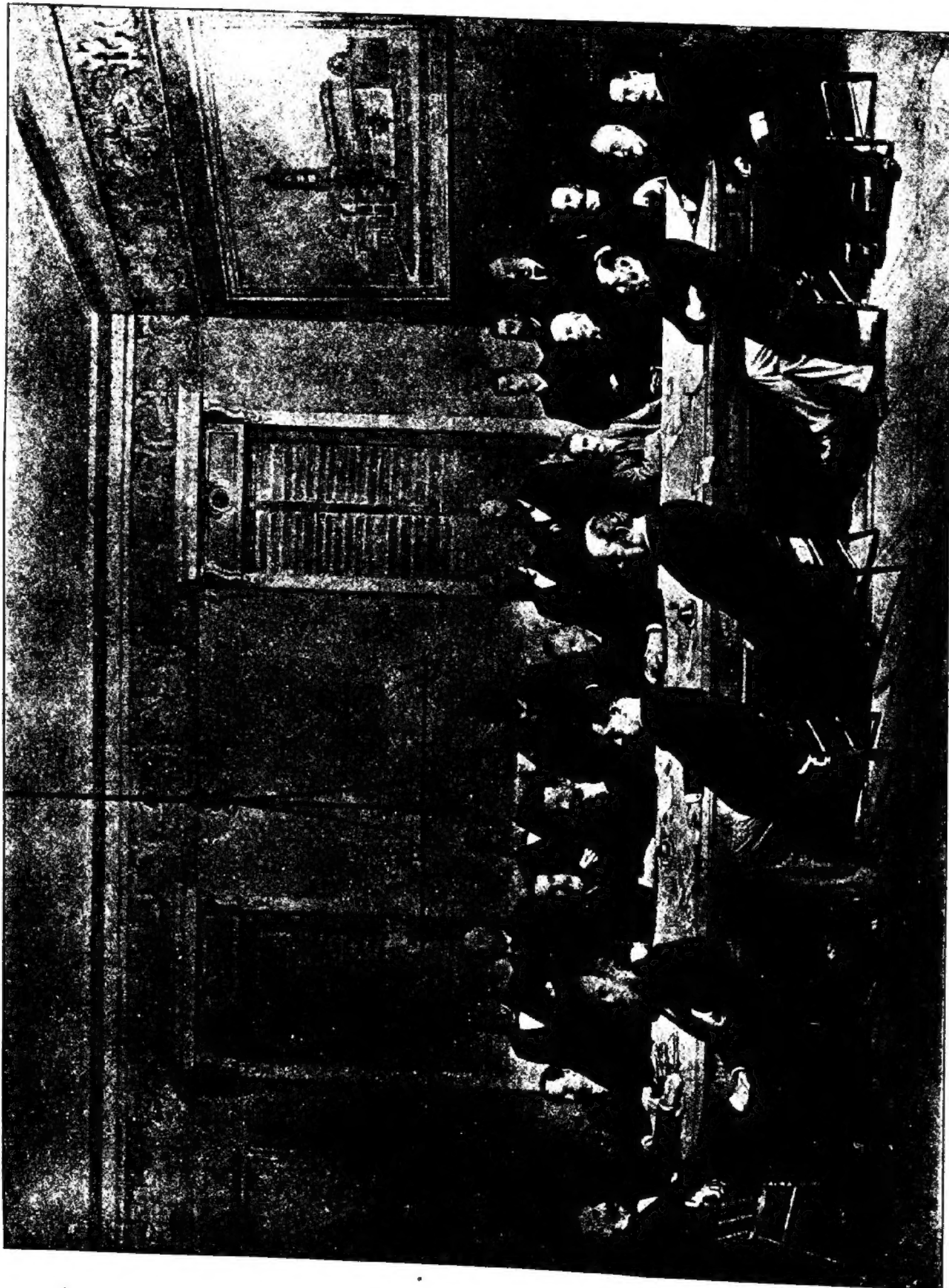
Considerable surprise has, it seems, been occasioned by the statement, recently published by Mr. DeCazes, of the Education Department, that in a large number of the primary schools of this province French is not among the branches of instruction taught to the pupils. It appears, in fact, that out of a total of 939 such institutions no French is taught in 770 Protestant and 68 Catholic schools. In other words, there are 838 public schools subsidized by the Government in which the teaching of French is wholly neglected. To those who have not been in the habit of reading the reports of the Minister of Education this announcement has naturally been a revelation. From the comments of some of the papers, both French and English, it appears to have been taken for granted hitherto that, in the elementary as well as in the higher schools, French was regularly taught. That such a notion could have prevailed can only be explained by the general indifference of the public to the working of our educational system. Those who have been in the habit of reading the reports of the inspectors, included from year to year in the Report of the Superintendent of Education, can hardly have fallen into such a mistake. The truth of the matter is that not only is French not taught in a large number of the schools (as M. de Cazes has just made known) but it would be strange, when the salaries allotted to the teachers are taken into account, if even the mother tongue of the pupils and the ordinary branches of instruction were taught with anything like efficiency. The plan by which the teacher, on whom devolves the most arduous of the educator's tasks, that of laying the groundwork of the child's intellectual development, is assigned the humblest of all stations and the poorest of pittances, is the gravest mistake in educational methods. If education has any significance at all, the period in the career of the pupil at which it demands the ripest knowledge of the attributes and processes of the human mind and the most delicate and judicious application of that knowledge is when the school-book is first put into the child's hand and the habit of attention begins to be formed. When young people are fortunate enough to have parents whose manners, habits and conversation are exemplary and edifying, they are, to a certain extent, independent of the influence of the teachers. To them the domestic and social *milieu* in which they live is the best training for those tender years. But, unhappily, it is not, as a rule, from the class that comprises such exemplary households that the pupils of the elementary school are derived. Many of them are dependent on the teacher and their school associations not merely for the rudiments of knowledge, but for whatever refining and elevating influences go to the shaping of their lives. The impressions they receive in the class-room—the language they hear daily, the tone of thought, the inflection of voice—must permanently affect their characters for good or evil. If the teacher is illiterate and vulgar and barely capable, by gifts and acquirements, of perfunctorily discharging a certain routine of ill-paid drudgery, it would be strange if the pupils did not suffer morally and intellectually from such an example. If at home there should be no counter-acting influence—if faults of manner, temper and speech were of constant occurrence—it could hardly be wondered at if the child's small gains in elementary instruction were more than counter-balanced by the unconscious imitation of very

serious defects. At a later stage of education, the pupil, whose character and habits have been formed by careful training and improving intercourse, may perceive and avoid the defects, while profiting by the erudition, of his teacher. But, if the earlier schooling has been inadequate, it will be almost impossible for any subsequent discipline to entirely do away with its evil effects.

Generations ago, the supreme importance of selecting only the fittest persons for the child's first teachers was recognized by earnest educationists. To a certain extent the principles of those great reformers have been applied in the systems of our time. But as yet such attention to the educational needs of the dawning mind is the luxury of the few. This is the case even in those countries where school reform has engaged the thoughts of administrators with most fruitful results. The adoption of improved and rational methods is still only at the experimental stage. The day will doubtless come when both parents and teachers will look back with horror and resentment at a system which permitted men who had failed in all honest work and women who were satisfied with menials' pay to direct the unfolding capacities of the young. No novice is admitted to serve as journeyman in a handicraft, however easy of mastery its details may be. The medical and legal professions are jealously guarded against the intrusion of the unqualified. But to the office of the teacher there are no such safeguards worthy of the name. In theory, it is acknowledged that there is an art of teaching, as there is a science of education. But in practice it is by many regarded as one of those accomplishments that come by nature and need no apprenticeship. The minimum of innate fitness, knowledge and experience that suffices for acceptance to the charge of some district schools is on a level with the minimum remuneration. And that is very small indeed,—how small the inspectors' reports abundantly show. Nor is it in Canada alone that criticisms and complaints are aimed against these anomalies. In the other provinces and in the United States the same unsatisfactory condition of things largely exists, the country schools in many districts being demoralized through poor and constantly changing teachers, selected mainly with a view to cheapness. And until just and rational ideas of the momentous importance of the elementary teacher's work take possession of the public mind, there is not likely to be any fruitful and far-reaching reform of the system.

We live in hope, however. Those who can recall the state of Canada, and of this province especially, before the institution of normal schools need not be told that our present status, much as it falls short of what is desired, compares favorably with the past. If there are wofully backward communities, as yet untouched by the spirit of progress, there are others where the aspiration for better things is on the way to fulfilment and earnest educationists can point to some splendid triumphs over ignorance and prejudice. One deeply seated and mischievous error has still, however, held its ground—the degradation of the elementary teacher is accepted with equanimity. Accomplished women and earnest-minded men have, indeed, in rare instances and under exceptionally favorable circumstances, devoted their learning and thought, their patience and tact, to the problem of the child's mental development. There is no lack of inspiring literature on the subject. There is no excuse for ignorance of the methods that should be employed. In exhibition after exhibition, in congress after congress, the art of teaching, the qualifications of the teacher, the structure and equipment of the model schoolhouse, the use and abuse of books in education and every other branch of the subject have been expounded and illustrated; and still more than nine-tenths of our elementary schools give no evidence of educational progress either in the teacher or the teacher's environment. Till every elementary teacher is a liberally educated man or woman, with a recognized position in society accordant with the usefulness and dignity of the teacher's work, it is idle to speak of teaching as a profession. But when that stage is reached, French will be taught in all our schools.





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SKETCHES AT ANNUAL RACES OF MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB. (By our Special Artist.)

1. A good specimen. 2. Between the races. 3. The American trainer. 4. Rich, the New York flyer. 5. The cull'd gen'l'man what holds de coats. 6. The Ottawa man's tumble. 7. Obstacle race. 8. Starting: "Death or glory." 9. Mussen, Montreal's champion.





**THE TORONTO EXHIBITION—DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS.**—The Toronto Exhibition has become what our neighbours would call an institution, and a very worthy and useful institution it is—one to whose yearly re-opening thousands of persons look forward with eager expectancy. The gentlemen who have charge of the enterprise this year are all men of mark in Toronto, as may be seen by the group of the directors and officers on another page.

**THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES.**—These matches, which came off at Toronto on the 25th and 26th of August, will be found illustrated on another page of this issue. Reference is also made to the event in our military column.

**QUEBEC SCENES.**—On page 172 we are enabled, through the courtesy of Mr. G. R. Lighthall, to give engravings of some of the most striking scenes of the ancient city of Champlain. First comes the Grand Battery, a familiar locality to many of our readers, especially to those interested in military matters. Wolfe's monument is known all over this continent and its interest increases as the years go by. The Gates of Quebec are the most curious and interesting of the historic monuments of the old city. St. John's Gate (in its original form) was one of the entrances of the old French fortress and was associated with great events in the life of Quebec and of Canada. Through it a portion of Montcalm's defeated forces found their way beneath the shelter of the defences after the battle of the Plains. Like St. Louis Gate, too, it was pulled down on account of its ruinous condition in 1791 and subsequently rebuilt by the British Government in the form in which it endured until 1865, when it was demolished and replaced, at an expense of some \$40,000 to the city, by its present more ornate and convenient substitute, to meet the increased requirements of traffic over the great artery of the upper levels—St. John street. St. John's Gate was one of the objective points included in the American plan of assault upon Quebec on the memorable 31st December, 1775; Col. Livingston, with a regiment of insurgent Canadians, and Major Brown, with part of a regiment from Boston, having been detailed to make a false attack upon the walls to the south of it and to set fire to the gate itself with combustibles prepared for that purpose—a scheme in which the assailants were foiled by the depth of snow and other obstacles. Not less noteworthy is the Chain Gate. When the Citadel was constructed, the number of existing gates was increased from five to seven by the erection of Chain and Dalhousie Gates, which were set up under the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie in 1827. The Break-neck stairs, Champlain street, which close these illustrations, are well-known to every visitor to Quebec.

**DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN, B.A., LL.B.**—Douglas Brooke Wheelton Sladen, B.A. Oxford, B.A. and LL.B. Melbourne, is the eldest son of Douglas Brooke Sladen, fourth son of the late John Baker Sladen, D.L., J.P., of Ripple Court, near Dover, by Mary, daughter of the late John Wheelton, Esq., whose name is familiar as one of the two Sheriffs of London who were imprisoned by the House of Commons for breach of privilege in levying distress on Messrs. Hansard in the famous Stockdale v. Hansard case. He was born on the 5th of February, 1856, in his maternal grandfather's town house, No. 50 Gloucester Terrace, and educated at Temple Grove, East Sheen (Waterfield's), Cheltenham College, Trinity College, Oxford, and Melbourne University. At Cheltenham he took the first junior open scholarship, and first senior open scholarship twice; and amongst numerous other prizes the Jex Blake Geographical and English Poem. He was senior prefect, captain of the rifle corps, captain of the classical at football, treasurer of the cricket eleven, editor of the *Cheltonian* (school magazine), etc. He shot at Wimbledon in the Schools' Match for the Ashburton Shield four years, and also shot for the Spencer Cup twice, winning the Spencer Cup in 1874. At Oxford he was captain of the Oxford University Rifle Volunteers, and shot at Wimbledon for Oxford v. Cambridge four years, heading the score in 1879. He also did good service for Oxford at football. He was an open classical scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and took a second-class in Classical Moderations, and a first-class in Final Schools (History). He graduated B.A. in 1879, and at Melbourne graduated B.A. and LL.B. After a wide and varied experience at home as scholar and sportsman, Mr. Sladen emigrated to Australia in 1879, and in 1882 was appointed to the Chair of History in the University of Sydney, N.S.W. He always thinks and writes like an Australian upon all Australian subjects, and prides himself very much on being a colonist, no doubt having in him some of the feeling of the men of the Mayflower, "Home keeping youth have ever homely wits;" and Mr. Sladen has shown that he could do without his Mother England and love her none the less. In 1880 Mr. Sladen married Margaret Isabella Muirhead, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late Robert Muirhead, one of the pioneers of the Western District of Victoria. Mr. Sladen's uncle, the late Hon. Sir C. Sladen, K.C.M.G., was for many years leader of the Upper House of Parliament in Victoria, first Colonial Treasurer after the establishment of responsible government, and Premier of the

colony during the crisis of 1868. Mr. Sladen's literary career began in 1881, and ever since he has been a most industrious and a successful writer, both in prose and verse. His published works comprise "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," "Australian Lyrics," "A Poetry of Exiles," "Edward, the Black Prince," "A Summer Christmas," "In Cornwall and Across the Sea," "The Spanish Armada," "Seized by a Shadow," "In Cornwall," and editor of the following anthologies—"Australian Ballads and Rhymes," "A Century of Australian Song," "Australian Poets," "American Poets." Mr. Sladen has travelled extensively in Europe, and on this continent as well as in Australia and the East. In the winter of 1889 he first visited Montreal during Carnival time. After a brief stay he went to Washington, and after sojourning there and in the other chief American cities, he returned to Canada, visited the Maritime Provinces, and crossed the continent to Vancouver, from which point he set out for Japan. His movements since then have been recorded from time to time in our columns. Mr. Sladen is a follower of Longfellow rather than of Wordsworth, finding in him a health and manfulness which he looks for in vain in the lake poet, who always seems to him deficient in muscularity; otherwise both drew their inspiration from much the same sources, and addressed themselves to John Wesley's parish—all the world. It is Mr. Sladen's ambition to be the mouthpiece of ordinary healthy Englishmen, essentially a simple-minded, sport-loving, courageous race. He thinks for a poet to be a representative English poet, he ought to be essentially masculine, and in sympathy with the active out-of-door life which has given the nation its characteristics.

**GEORGE MARTIN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "MARGUERITE; OR, THE ISLE OF DEMONS, AND OTHER POEMS."**—The name of George Martin is familiar to most of our readers. He is of Irish birth, but for more than thirty years he has been a resident of Montreal, where the photographic business which he established is still conducted by his sons. He has always been a close student of men and events, a reader of the best literature, and a man of broad thoughts and generous hope for humanity. In a recent contribution to the St. John (N.B.) *Progress* our friend "Pastor Felix" (no common critic) characterizes him as "one of our truest masters of romantic verse." The whole article is so happy, indeed, that we are tempted to borrow largely from it, especially as Mr. Lockhart's conclusions coincide in so many points with our own. "His (Mr. Martin's) name," he continues, "was early associated with that of Heavysege; for it was the privilege of our genial and generous author to be the friend and associate of that select, austere beautiful spirit, who lived among us unrecognized; and it was his to depict him in verse as one who bore a burden of song and who had attained 'to something like prophetic strain'":

"Child-like, modest, reticent  
With head in meditation bent,  
He walked our streets! and no one knew  
That something of celestial hue  
Had passed along; a toil-worn man  
Was seen—no more; the fire that ran  
Electric through his veins, and wrought  
Sublimity of soul and thought,  
And kindled into song, no eye beheld."

When the existence of such devotion is questioned, let it be remembered that he was *truly* his friend, and gave the liveliest proof of manly sympathy and disinterested esteem. For, let it be said to his praise, when the writer of "Saul" would publish the Boston edition of his poem, and was financially unable, our poet came forth with funds reserved for a similar purpose, and at the sacrifice of his own ambitions, thought to give his brother a triumph.\* Thus, doubtless, it happened that not till 1887 did his own volume appear; though, as one writer has intimated, distrust of his own merits, and true reverence for the poetic art, which he rather longed than expected to magnify, may have contributed to the delay. The principal piece of this volume is one of its author's most recent productions, and it is, on the whole, the best, as showing the art of the poet to the highest advantage. It is a romantic story, directly told, yet with such accessories of sentiment and description as only a true poet could invest it in; a beautiful creation, woven out of early Canadian history and legend, wherein the scenery of an island-wilderness is associated with tyrannic cruelty, the devotion of love, and the woes of woman. The historical material is such as a poet might successfully elaborate. Marguerite, the niece of the early colonizing adventurer, Roberval, being after her evil fortune, retired to a convent, recites her wrongs in the ears of a group of sympathizing nuns. She had accompanied her uncle on his westward voyage, and, by falling in love with Eugene Lamar, had incurred the resentment of one who

Smooth as any summer sea  
When winds were laid,

while he had his way, was a lion for rage and a serpent for malignity, being crossed by any; so that woe was the portion of whoever should set his bosom's "fiery flood in motion." The trembling girl was in the power of an implacable bully, who could devise for her no milder punishment than abandonment upon an inhospitable island in the

\*Mr. Lighthall in a biographical note in his "Songs of the Great Dominion," speaks of this money as a loan, and says: "Saul turned out a financial loss," and that on the day when Heavysege's note fell due, "Martin took it in his hand and tore it to pieces."  
†*Marguerite; or, the Isle of Demons, and other Poems* By George Martin. Dawson Bros., Montreal, 1887.

Magdalene group, comfortably for a lonely female, occupied by demons. The lover, pledged to her lot, narrowly escaped a bullet from the same malignant hand, as he swam after the boat in which Marguerite and her Norman nurse were being conveyed to the shore. There they were at least freed from one whose presence might well be spared, and brought into contact with uncontaminated nature, in her freshest and fairest moods. Mr. Lockhart then tells the story of "Marguerite," and gives some extracts from the poem in illustration of the author's sentiment and style. The following description of the cave in which Lua, Marguerite's babe, was entombed, Mr. Lockhart considers as fine as the depiction of similar scenes in Scott and Hogg:

A cave there was of spacious bound  
Wherein no wave of human sound  
Had ever rolled; imprisoned there,  
Like a gray penitent at prayer,  
Here silence wept, and from the tears  
Embroidered hangings, fold on fold,  
And silver tassels tinted with gold,  
The fingering of the voiceless years  
Hua deftly wrought, and on the walls  
In sumptuous breadths of foamy falls  
The product of their genius hung.  
From floor to ceiling, arched and high,  
A counterfeited cloudy sky—  
Smooth alabaster pillars sprung.  
On either side might one espy  
What seemed hushed oratories rare  
Inviting sinful knees to prayer.  
Into that chapel-like retreat,  
Untrod before by human feet,  
The wicker cot, wherein still lay  
My Lua's uncorrupted clay,  
We bore.

"Surely," writes Mr. Lockhart, "by his delicately woven story, our poet has worthily inscribed her name among those of the daughters of sorrow! Mr. Martin's is no new name; he is no untried aspirant, but has won a worthy place; and as appreciation of native letters increases among the Canadian people, his work will rise in their esteem and widen in their knowledge. He has long been a man of letters, and now lives in his 'Autumn' ruddy prime, surrounded by friends, in his Montreal home. It may not be unfit to say that, pure and wholesome as his verse, is his character and personality. His heartiness and genial good humour promptly commended him, as well as his sympathies, both deep and lively, expressed not only in his poems, but in the intercourse of his daily life. The poet's verse is brought out by the publishers in a form exceptionally elegant and beautiful; and is an evidence that Canada has no reason to contrast her bookmaking unfavorably either with England or the United States."

**DUNDURN CASTLE.**—The edifice shown in this engraving derives its chief interest from its associations with the late Sir Allan Napier McNab, whose residence it was. It forms a prominent feature of the park landscape. Although of this century, the castle, by reason of the peculiarity of its architecture, has an appearance that is almost medieval. Here thousands of people go to picnic; to play baseball, tennis, football and lacrosse; to breathe the fresh air and look out upon the beautiful bay; to see the gladiators of the international baseball league struggle for the championship pennant; to listen to the music of the famous Thirteenth Battalion band, which here gives concerts regularly throughout the summer, or to see a grand display of fireworks at the close of a fête. Dundurn is a pleasant place and is well worth the attention of all visitors. Allan N. McNab, whose name and life are so closely connected with this relic of the past, once held a prominent place in the political life of Canada under the Union régime. He was a native of Niagara-on-the-Lake, and the son of a Highland gentleman who served on the staff of General Simcoe. The purpose of the younger McNab was to engage in the same pursuit in which his father distinguished himself, and, in fact, the early portion of his career was devoted to military service. The law must have occupied his attention, and about 1830 he entered public life, in which he was one of the leaders in Upper Canada for more than thirty years. Sir Allan was twice married. One of his daughters married Lord Bury, another a son of the late Sir Dominick Daly. He died after a comparatively short illness in 1862 in the 65th year of his age.

### New Book of Verse by "Seranus."

Messrs. Hart & Co., publishers, Toronto, announce that they have in press, and will have ready early in the autumn, a volume of verse by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison ("Seranus"), author of "Crowded Out," and compiler of the "Canadian Birthday Book," etc. The book will be issued in the best possible style, bound in vellum paper, gilt top, printed in handsome new type on fine book paper, specially made. The binding will be unique, novel and very attractive. Besides some of the poems to which Mrs. Harrison owes her reputation, the book will contain several new productions of her pen, and is sure to be a valuable addition to our library of Canadian song. The author's name ought to ensure it a large circulation. Meanwhile advance orders may be sent to the publishers, 31 and 33 King street West, Toronto.



## Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

The discussion which took place at the recent meeting of the Ontario Rifle Association was one of interest for the volunteers of this province. There were many visitors present, among them Lt.-Col. Jones, Duferin Rifles; Col. Macpherson, Ottawa; Capt. Adam, 13th Battalion; Major Blaiklock, Montreal, secretary of Quebec Rifle Association; Captain Gray, Ottawa; Major Hughes, Lindsay; Captain Ibbotson, Montreal; Lieut. Macnachten, Cobourg; Major Sherwood, Ottawa; Major Wright, 43rd; Major White, 30th, Wellington. The discussion naturally turned on the subject of the new ranges for the association. Mr. William Mulock, M.P., president of the Association, put the point very plainly when he said that the present grounds could not be held much longer on account of the growth of the city and consequent danger to life. Lt. Col. Gibson's remarks represented the other side of the question, but Capt. Macdonald took the squarest grounds, having regard to the spirit of the citizens. The talk all round gave a suggestion of the knowledge which has already been made known to a few on both sides of the fence of dispute, that the Garrison Commons ranges will be abandoned within a reasonably short period of time for grounds better suited in many respects for shooting purposes. Mayor Clarke has been carrying on the negotiations with admirable tact, but against some considerable difficulty. Too much publicity to the negotiations would now only accomplish harm.

The discussion anent the management of Dr. Canniff's office has again come to the surface, made a stir and dropped out of sight. The methods adopted for making the attack are of a peculiar kind, but so well known have they now become that, if serious trouble does in reality exist in the city health department, people are apt to overlook it through the mere tedium of hearing it brought up every now and then in some paltry spirit.

Last week the Retreat of the Roman Catholic clergy of this archdiocese was conducted by Rev. Father Hogan, director of the divinity school in the Washington Catholic University. As a teacher he is the shining light of his church in the United States. He was placed in his present position soon after he was sent to Baltimore from Paris, where all his studies were pursued and almost all of his former years were spent. The order to come to America is said to have grieved him beyond measure at the time, but his instant recognition and reward not only reconciled him to the New World, but delighted him because of the wider sphere of action and contact with men which it provided. Though he did not speak in any of the Toronto churches, his name was mentioned a good deal in public. This is his first visit to Canada and his mission is a voluntary one. The object is to impress the priests of the Dominion with the responsibility which is placed upon them as members of the Church by the active curiosity of modern thinkers among all classes of men. Father Hogan went to Montreal from here on Monday last, and will visit several other dioceses before returning to Washington.

By his short stay over at Toronto on Saturday the Earl of Aberdeen escaped a series of newspaper interviews and missed as beautiful a day for seeing Toronto as could well be expected for the rest of the season. Mr. John Cameron, late manager of the *Globe*, thinking the present a good time for Mr. Gladstone to come to Canada, took advantage of his position on the *Advertiser*, of London, to invite the distinguished gentleman here. Mr. Gladstone cannot come, it seems, owing to his advanced years and his pressing engagements, but, nevertheless, it was a lucid idea of Mr. Cameron's to expect him.

The visit of the Hon. Attorney-General of Nova Scotia to Ontario was made a very pleasant one by his admirers in politics in this part of the Dominion. The hospitality of Prof. Goldwin Smith's quiet and charming residence was the pleasantest feature of it. For the rest the banquet at the Reform Club was conspicuous by the absence of Liberal leaders, but then it was informal to a certain extent, and the picnic at Niagara was a revelation to the visitor from the East, who subsequently spoke in a strain of good-humored sarcasm about its dimensions and spirit.

The authorities of Trinity University have been put to much expense in the matter of the musical degrees, about which a British deputation waited on Lord Knutsford a long time ago. As Chancellor Allan has repeatedly said in convocation and elsewhere, there is no doubt as to the rights of Trinity and the correctness of the position taken in the matter. It is some little comfort for Trinity to learn at this stage of affairs that the deputation acted improperly from the first; but it must be remembered that the reckless sentiments made in the petition presented by the deputation are still before the public, while the subject of a judicial decision is yet to be considered in the indefinite future.

One of the most important matters of public comment during the week has been the spread of typhoid fever. Whether rightly or wrongly, the impurity of the water supply to this city has been in a large measure to blame for it. One thing certain is that the drinking water is absolutely unfit for use, and another matter equally certain is that the city authorities are greatly to blame for keeping the citizens in ignorance of the danger which threatened them. The result was a scare, and hundreds of people would now as soon think of drinking castor oil as Toronto water. The horrible suspicion is gaining ground that the conduit through the bay is only a form of speech, and that the

water is really pumped to the reservoir from inside the island.

On Sunday next the choir of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, which claims to have some of the best artists in the city, will accept an invitation from their old friend and father, Rev. J. F. McBride, now of Dixie, to visit his church.

The shields in the G.T.R. tunnel at Sarnia fitted exactly at 11.30 on Saturday night last.

The theatrical season opened on Monday evening, but there will be few real attractions for weeks at any of them. The Grand Theatre has been improved by the adoption of the electric light, and the Academy of Music has been remodelled. The enterprise of the latter served in the past season to very much improve the others, and the indications for the opening season are more strongly marked in the same direction.

Mr. Harold Jarvis, the lyric tenor, who has been singing in the Carleton Methodist Church, has made quite a reputation in musical circles of the city. Mr. Jarvis, who is well known in Quebec, is a nephew of the late Sheriff Jarvis, of Toronto.

The police games on Wednesday last were among the best athletic events of the year. The tug-of-war had an uncommon result—a draw. The teams were both made up of magnificent men, and so evenly were they matched, that for ten minutes the balance was perfect. The staying power seemed to be equally well distributed, neither side weakening quicker than the other. When the draw was declared the men were incapable of trying to decide the pull later in the day.

Mayor Clarke is back from the coast. He managed to find time for a quiet week at St. Andrews, N.B., away from the discussions of the Grand Orange Lodge, which met at St. John.

The opening of the duck shooting season this week has carried many well known sportsmen to Muskoka, Lake Scugog, Rice Lake, the Holland Landing Flats, St. Clair Flats and Long Point.

## How Our Ancestors Fare!

William of Malmesbury, who wrote in the middle of the twelfth century, with strong Norman feelings, tells us that the Anglo-Saxons indulged in great feasting, and lived in very mean houses; whereas the Normans eat with moderation, but built for themselves magnificent mansions. Various allusions in old writers leave little room for doubt that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers indulged much in eating; but, as far as we can gather, for our information is very imperfect, this indulgence consisted more in the quantity than in the quality of the food, for their cookery seems to have been in general what we call "plain." Refinement in cookery appears to have come in with the Normans; and from the twelfth century to the sixteenth we can trace the love of the table continually increasing. The monks, whose institution had to a certain degree separated them from the rest of the world, and who usually, and from the circumstances perhaps naturally, sought sensual gratifications, fell soon into the sin of gluttony, and they seem to have led the way in refinement in the variety and elaborate character of their dishes. Giraldus Cambrensis, an ecclesiastic himself, complains in very indignant terms of the luxurious table kept by the monks of Canterbury in the latter half of the twelfth century; and he relates an anecdote which shows how far at that time the clergy were in this respect in advance of the laity. One day, when Henry II. paid a visit to Winchester, the prior and monks of St. Swithin met him and fell on their knees before him to complain of the tyranny of their bishop. When the king asked what was their grievance, they said that their table was curtailed of three dishes. The king, somewhat surprised at this complaint, and imagining, no doubt, that the bishop had not left them enough to eat, inquired how many dishes he had left them. They replied, ten; at which the king, in a fit of indignation, told them that he himself had no more than three dishes to his table, and uttered an imprecation against the bishop unless he reduced them to the same number.

But although we have abundant evidence of the general fact that our Norman and English forefathers loved the table, we have but imperfect information on the character of their cookery until the latter half of the fourteenth century, when the rules and receipts for cooking appear to have been very generally committed to writing, and a considerable number of cookery-books belonging to this period and to the following century remain in manuscript, forming very curious records of the domestic life of our forefathers. From these we propose to give a few illustrations of a not uninteresting subject. These cookery-books sometimes contain plans for dinners of different descriptions, or, as we would now say, bills of fare, which enable us, by comparing the names of the dishes with the receipts for making them, to form a tolerably distinct notion of the manner in which our forefathers fared at table from four to five hundred years ago. The first example we shall give is furnished by a manuscript of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and belongs to the latter part of the century preceding; that is, to the reign of Richard II., a period remarkable for the fashion for luxurious living. It gives us the following bill of fare for the ordinary table of a gentleman, which we will arrange in the form of a bill of fare of the present day, modernizing the language, except in the case of obsolete words:

## First Course.

Boar's head enarmed (*larded*), and "bruce" for pottage.  
Beef. Mutton. Pestels (*legs*) of Pork.  
Swan. Roasted Rabbit. Tart.

## Second Course.

Drope and Rose, for Pottage.  
Mallard. Pheasant. Chickens, "farsed" and roasted.  
"Malachis," baked.

## Third Course.

Conings (*rabbits*), in gravy, and hare, in "brasé," for Pottage.  
Teals, roasted. Wookcocks. Snipes.  
"Raffyolys," baked. "Flampoyntes."

It may be well to make the general remark that the ordinary number of courses at dinner was three. To begin, then, with the first dish, boar's head was a favourite article at table, and needs no explanation. The pottage which follows, under the name of *bruce*, was made as follows, according to a receipt in the same cookery-book which has furnished the bill of fare:—

"Take the umbles of a swine, and parboil them (boil them slowly), and cut them small, and put them in a pot with some good broth; then take the whites of leeks, and slit them, and cut them small, and put them in, with minced onions, and let it all boil; next take bread steeped in broth, and 'draw it up' with blood and vinegar, and put it into a pot, with pepper and cloves, and let it boil; and serve all this together."

In the second course, *drope* is probably an error for *drore*, a pottage, which, according to the same cookery-book, was made as follows:—

"Take almonds, and blanch and grind them, and mix them with good meat broth, and seethe this in a pot; then mince onions, and fry them in 'grease,' and put them to the almonds; take small birds, and parboil them, and throw them into the pottage, with cinnamon and cloves and a little 'fair grease,' and boil the whole."

*Rose* was made as follows:—

"Take powdered rice, and boil it in almond milk till it be thick, and take the brawn of capons and hens, beat it in a mortar, and mix it with the preceding, and put them the whole into a pot, with powdered cinnamon and cloves, and whole mace, and colour it with saunders (sandal-wood.)"

It may be necessary to explain that almond milk consisted of almonds mixed with milk or broth. The *farsure*, or stuffing, for chickens was made thus:—

"Take fresh pork, seethe it, chop it small, and grind it well; put to it hard yolks of eggs, well mixed together, with dried currants, powder of cinnamon and maces, cubebs, and cloves whole, and roast it."

We are unable to explain the meaning of *malachis*, the dish which concludes this course.

The first dish in the third course, *coney*s, or rabbits, in gravy, was made as follows:

"Take rabbits, and parboil them, and chop them in 'gobbets,' and seethe them in a pot with good broth; then grind almonds, 'dress them up' with beet broth, and boil this in a pot; and, after passing it through a strainer, put it to the rabbit, adding to the whole cloves, maces, pines, and sugar, colour it with sandal-wood, saffron, bastard or other wine, and cinnamon powder mixed together, and add a little vinegar."

Not less complicated was the boar in *brasé*, or brasey:—

"Take ribs of a boar, while they are fresh, and parboil them till they are half boiled; then roast them, and, when they are roasted, chop them, and put them in a pot with good fresh beef broth and wine, and add cloves, maces, pines, currants, and powdered pepper; then put chopped onions in a pan, with fresh grease, fry them first and then boil them; next, take bread, steeped in broth, 'draw it up' and put it to the onions, and colour it with sandal-wood and saffron, and as it settles put a little vinegar mixed with powdered cinnamon to it; then take brawn, and cut it into slices two inches long, and throw into the pot with the foregoing, and serve it all up together."

"Raffyolys" were a sort of patties, made as follows:—

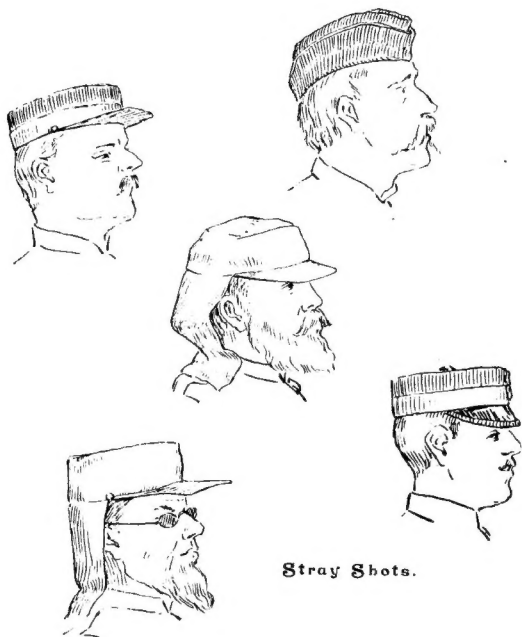
"Take swine's flesh, seethe it, chop it small, add to it yolks of eggs, and mix them well together; put to this a little minced lard, grated cheese, powdered ginger, and cinnamon; make of this balls of the size of an apple, and wrap them up in the cawl of the swine, each ball by itself; make a raised crust of dough, and put the ball in it, and bake it; when they are baked, take yolks of eggs well beaten, with sugar and pepper, coloured with saffron, and pour this mixture over them."

"Flampoyntes" were made thus:—

"Take good 'interlarded' pork, seethe it, and chop it, and grind it small; put to it good fat cheese grated, and sugar and pepper; put this in raised paste like the preceding; then make a thin leaf of dough, out of which cut small 'points,' fry these in grease, and then stick them in the foregoing mixture after it has been put in the crust, and bake it."

Such was a tolerably respectable dinner at the end of the fourteenth century.





Stray Shots.



PRIVATE W. ANDREWS. BASSMAN S. HUGHES.  
STAFF-SGT. E. A. CLEVELAND.  
RIFLE TEAM OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, (W)

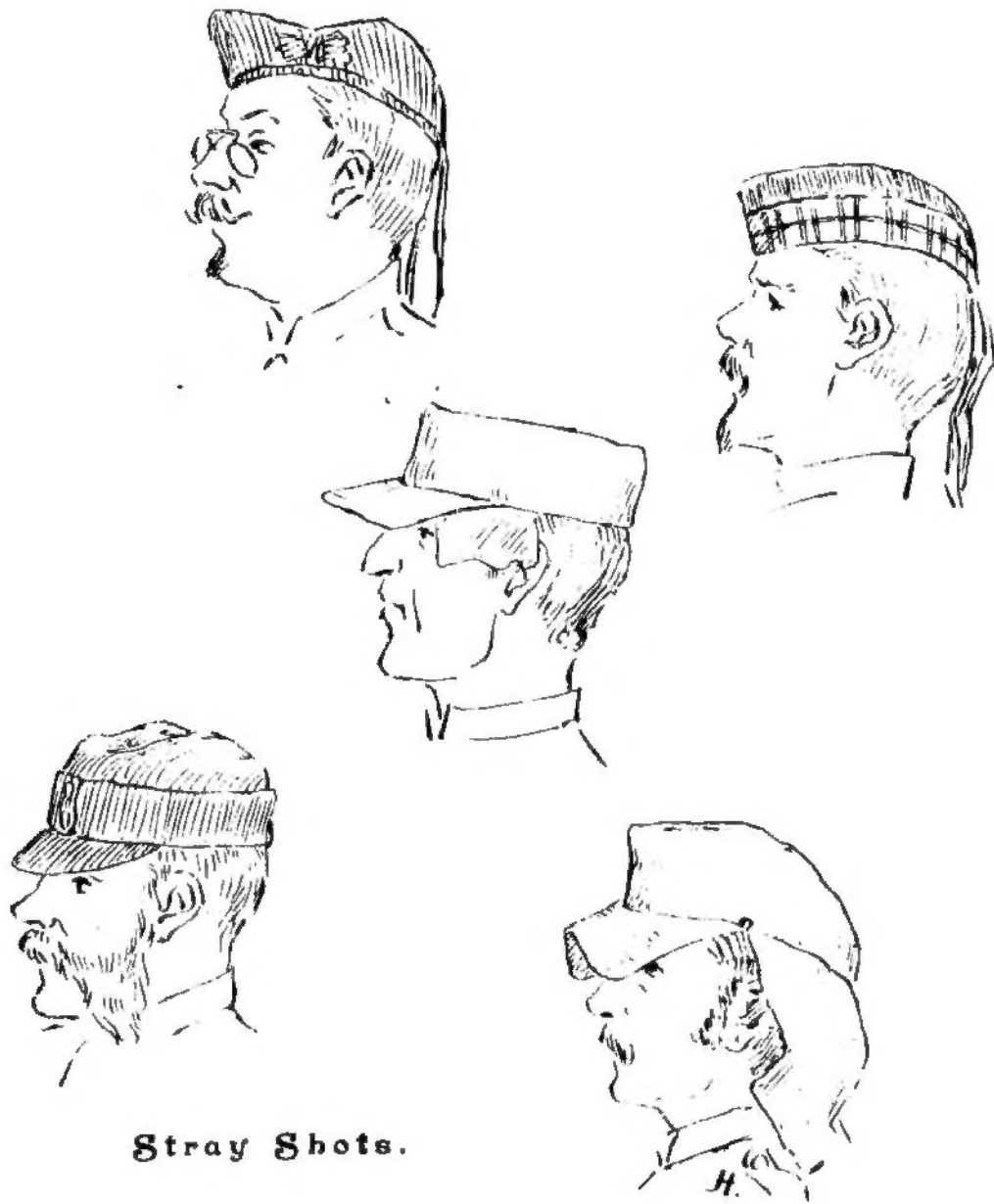


ANNUAL MATCHES OF ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION, 1908.





MAJOR L. THOMAS. CORP. E. SWALLOW. PRIVATE M. H. HARVEY.  
 BANDSMAN A. WITTY. BANDSMAN A. WITTY.  
 LIEUT. M. H. HEALY.  
 (Winners of Military League Trophy, 1890.)



Stray Shots.



AUGUST, 1890. VIEW AT THE 500 YARDS FIRING POINT.





It is the unexpected that happens, wrote somebody a long time ago; but anything more unexpected than the ending to last Saturday's lacrosse match between the Cornwalls and Shamrocks is not put down in the records of sport. If the match had been a drawn one, everybody would have known exactly what was to be done; but it was not, and the question naturally arises—What is going to be done about it? Dr. Shanks, the referee, made an error in computation, and that error is responsible for all the trouble. This should be a lesson to field captains to keep check of the time themselves. If Mr. Maguire had done this and disputed the decision immediately after the match was supposed to be closed, there is no doubt but that the mistake would have been rectified and the match won or lost on its merits. And just here I would suggest that when next the executive committee of the Senior Lacrosse League meets, some provision will be made for an official time keeper to work in conjunction with the referee. The latter official has quite enough to occupy his mind for two hours by attending to the way the game is played and not bothering his head about splitting minutes. The way lacrosse is played these days, a very few seconds are full of meaning to a team, especially when there is only one goal in the way of being either victor or vanquished. I can call to mind two matches when less than a quarter of a minute considerably changed the complexion of affairs. One was when Montreal played in Toronto last year; the other when the Shamrocks played in Cornwall at the beginning of the present season. In this last game, if I remember aright, two games were fought and won inside of a minute; and certainly, when the Shamrocks scored the eighth game, tying the score with the Cornwalls, there was only fifteen seconds left to play, and they had practically pulled the game out of the fire. They did not win eventually, the ninth and deciding game being scored by the Factory Town; but the chances were even and it was like beginning the match over again. It was fortunate for both parties that on this occasion Mr. Pollock (who by the way has become quite a favourite referee) was careful in his timekeeping. If he had made a rough calculation of minutes alone, the result would have been the same; but an injustice would have been done the visiting team. Still it is not to be expected that everybody who referees will keep as cool and watch time so closely as he did, and the natural inference is that playing under the present system an experienced time-keeper should be on the field. Even a second may win or lose a match in the fast games of today, and the time-keeper should attach just as much importance to his watch as if he were catching the gait for a hundred yard sprint or watching a horse's nose come under the wire. There will be this difference: The time-keeper in a modern lacrosse match, where he will calculate for fouls, faces, rests, and all the other circumstances that delay the game, for ever so short a time may be, will have a much more difficult task than the man in the judge's stand who times a mile with a split-second fly-back.

Now, as to the match. Is it to be considered played and Cornwall the winner? or is it to be put down as a drawn match, to be played over again? or is it to be put out of nominal existence, and be spoken of as no match at all? The official answer to these questions is of considerable importance to a great many. Take, in the first place, the Cornwall players who left the field under the impression that they had won the match, and with it (practically) the championship. It was no fault of theirs that they should have been led to understand that the play was over. They had the lead as it was, and no doubt would have been better pleased to go on the field and play out that nine minutes than go home under the cloud of uncertainty. With an advantage such as the visitors had, all the captain need have done was to strengthen his wonderful defence, and render it morally impassable; to play a holding game to save time and the match would be won anyhow. Short odds, of course, but all the probabilities in their favour. It may be said that if Cornwall closed back its field into the defence territory the Shamrocks would have moved in a home man or two to equalize things, but this is not probable, as it would tend to draw out their defence and leave an opening for another game for the visitors, a course which would have put the home club entirely out of the race. Now, if Hughes and Leroux were ordered to move back a little on their flags, without crowding, it seems a moral certainty to every lacrosse man that the game could be played from a defence point of view for an indefinite time, as there was no necessity, under the circumstances, to become aggressive. That simply meant a win for Cornwall.

Now, to look at the other side of the case. In the fifth game the Shamrocks had decidedly the best of the play, and they scored. This game occupied 11½ minutes. In the previous game the chances were in favour of Cornwall, who had much the best of it, but in this the tables were turned and the wearers of the green seemed a different set of men, and did much better work. Under these circumstances, and playing as they were at this stage, it is not un-

reasonable to suppose that they might have succeeded in winning another game in the nine minutes left to play. That would have left the match a tie on time, and the seventh game would have decided it one way or the other. To the Cornwalls it seems an injustice that when they had the game in their hands and were supposed to have won that the laurel of victory should have been snatched from them through an error which was not of their own making. To the Shamrocks it will also appear an injustice, since they can claim rightly that all the opportunities of time to which they were entitled were not given them.

There is yet another large number to whom the result of this match is of considerable importance. I refer to the gentlemen who were financially interested. It was a wise thing for pool settlers to hold bets, and it was a thoughtful thing to telephone these holders to that effect. Under the circumstances, it is a very mixed up case, and I cannot recollect any of the rules of betting which covers it. In professional sporting bets go with the decision of the referee, umpire or judges, as the case may be, but this rule is usually not taken into consideration in amateur sports. Many people claim that the match should be called a draw, and that money with odds should be divided equally; others claim that original bets should be drawn, while still others who had their shakels on Cornwall are of the opinion that they have won their wagers. To my mind none of these conclusions are correct. The case is without a precedent, and nobody can settle it but the committee of the league. It may be claimed that the match was over when both teams left the field, and it may be claimed that the referee's decision once given cannot be rescinded, and that bets go accordingly. But the referee's decision was altered, and bets evidently should not be paid on any but the official report, and the absolute result of the match is still in doubt. Then, again, it cannot be considered a match at all, because it was not completed. Under these circumstances it would appear that no bets have been made. It can hardly be considered a drawn match either, because one team was a game to the goal when the teams left the field; therefore, the bets cannot be considered as drawn. What the ultimate result should be, I think, should be left to the two clubs interested, and the bets should go this way: A match has been partially played and not completed. If it is decided to play out the nine minutes yet wanting, and no more, then money should go with the match, as it will simply be the deciding of the winning team, and there will be no draw in question; but if it is decided to play the whole thing over then bets should be considered a draw, as the first match will not count and will be considered as not having been played. Of course, mutual consent between betters may let the wagers go with the second match, which will have to be decided one way or the other.

Dr. Shanks might have settled all these difficulties by ignoring all protests and letting the match go according to his original decision, when he remarked that time was up; but he took the manlier course, acknowledged he had made a mistake and did all in his power to repair the error. He has got himself into a heap of trouble, so to speak, and he probably recognizes by this time that the lot of a referee, under certain circumstances, is anything but a happy one. Following is the Doctor's report to the secretaries of both clubs. It speaks for itself, and shows how easily a clerical error may be made:—

September 1, 1890.	
First game won by Shamrock. Began 3.37, ended 3.56; time.....	21 (19)
First rest 10 min. (2 min extra delay).....	10
Second game won by Cornwall. Began 4.08, ended 4.25; time.....	17
Second rest, 10 min.....	10
Third game won by Cornwall. Began 4.35, ended 4.37; time.....	2½
Third rest, 10 min.....	10
Fourth game won by Cornwall. Began 4.47½, ended 5.04½; time.....	27 (17)
Fourth rest, 10 min. (1 min. extra delay).....	10
Fifth game won by Shamrock. Began 5.15½, ended 5.27; time.....	11½
Fifth rest, 10 min.....	10
	129
Delay for fouls, stoppages, etc.....	6
Net time.....	123 min

The score card as above shows that the two hours had a little more than elapsed, so I said to the captains, "Time is up." The teams then left the grounds. A few moments later, on being questioned as to the correctness of my time, I examined my figures and found that an error in the first game of two minutes and one in the fourth game of ten minutes, amounting in all to twelve minutes, had been made. (The corrected time is placed in brackets after the first and fourth games, as above.) These twelve minutes being deducted now show the correct time to be, not 123 minutes, but (111) one hundred and eleven minutes.

Thus it is seen that nine (9) minutes more of play are needed to complete the necessary two hours.

This report is respectfully submitted.

A. L. SHANKS, M.D.,  
Referee Cornwall vs. Shamrock lacrosse match August 30.  
1890.

Montreal, September 1, 1890.

The course taken by the executive committee since the foregoing was written is decidedly unexpected and, as far as the public is concerned, unsatisfactory. The match has been awarded to Cornwall on the ground that a referee cannot change his decision. It would have been much better if some amicable agreement had been come to. Now the Leroux protest will be a very material constituent in the make up of lacrosse championships this season.

The Orients have gone to the benighted East to show the Bluenoses how to play lacrosse, and they are succeeding beyond their expectations. These trips are a feature that might well be imitated by other lacrosse clubs. Men who play for the love of the game and inconvenience the - selves considerably to turn out for practice, may be helped along through the hot summer months if they see at the end a pleasant excursion. It is a much better way of holding players together than the sale of brass rings, tons of coal, and notes for value received, not to speak of buying a ten cent glass of lemonade in some well known sporting saloon with a dollar bill and getting back \$9.90 in change. These things have been done to save players from being known as professionals; but an excursion, where there is no direct profit, is an easier, honest, and not so costly a way, because the trip usually pays for itself if there is any business management at the head of the club.

To-day the Ottawas and Montrealers meet, and there is every probability of a most excellent match. It might be thought that the Ottawas, being defeated so easily by the Shamrocks, and the latter whitewashed by the Montreal club, that the latter would have comparatively a very easy thing of it; but past lacrosse experience has proved that form is about as erratic a guide post in lacrosse as any that could be got. Still, with all this staring us in the face, I cannot help thinking that Montreal will come out very much on the top in this particular match, and, for that matter, pretty near the head of the list in the rest of the matches to be played this season. But lacrosse is a strange game anyhow, and the best laid plans of humans and rodents forget themselves sometimes.

The annual meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club, notwithstanding that there were a great number of outside attractions, can be put down as a success. In the open events the Canadians were, to use a vulgarism, not in it, and the Yankees captured everything worth having that way. There was one satisfaction, however, and that was, that some new records were established for Canada, and now, from the half mile up to the five mile mark, the times stand as follows:

Half mile—W. Windle, Woodstock....	1.16½
One mile—F. Foster, Toronto.....	2.42 1-5
Two miles—F. Foster, Toronto.....	5.45
Three miles—A. B. Rich, N.Y.A.C....	8.45
Five miles—W. Windle, Woodstock....	14.40 4-5

Outside of the open events the Montreal contingent managed to win seven firsts. The half mile open was a foregone conclusion, and the Montreal man was a poor third to the N.Y.A.C. representatives. In the half mile foot race, one of the M.A.A.A. men, who is a good runner, was taught a lesson in judgment, and it was—never let an opponent get too long a lead, because, even for the man who depends on his sprinting powers to make a finish, it is not by any means certain that the other man cannot go and do likewise. It was this that put Paris first and Johnson second. In the five mile open there were only the New York entries, and Rich succeeded in smashing the record for the three miles, although he did not reach the best mark for the five miles. Still, it was a great pace he rode at, and, had it not been for a misunderstanding, more of the figures would have gone under. The 220 yard sprint brought out a couple of men that Montreal will depend on in the championship games; but if they want to be in it with the visitors who will be here on the 27th, they will have to do better than 24 1-5 seconds. In the three mile race Clark, of the N.Y.A.C., was handicapped out of it, and A. F. Mussen, of the M.B.C., with a two minute allowance finished first. Heavy handicaps, by the way, are not the best things in the world to entice foreign wheelmen to come to our race meetings.

The great event of the year in the bicycle world—the L. A. W. meet at Niagara Falls—was not an unalloyed success, and the audience took it into their heads to express an opinion by way of hissing, which was deserved. This occurred in the two mile championship safety, when no attempt was made to race until the last quarter. If there is anything monotonous to a crowd of spectators it is to watch a waiting race. A certain amount of loafing is permissible, but at Niagara it was very much overdone. All the flyers from the United States and some from England were there; in fact, never before had such a large number of fast men been brought together, and Canada, metaphorically speaking, was left out in the cold.

The Western men are profiting by their experience gained at the recent gun tournament in Toronto. On that occasion the Canadians were practically not in it with their American brethren. There were seventeen of the latter at the shoot, and they managed to capture two-thirds of the prizes. It is this fact which is agitating the London Gun Club just now, and they have decided to permit none but Canadians



to compete at the coming tournament in the second week of October. There will be \$1,500 in prizes, and the rapid firing system will be the order. Keystone traps will be used and the monotony of mere trap shooting will be varied by matches at live birds.

\* \* \*

Aquatics were well to the fore on Saturday last, with both the Grand Trunk and Longueuil regattas, and both were successful, although it is a pity that different dates could not be set apart so that both clubs would have a larger number of competitors and necessarily closer contests. A noticeable feature, too, was the absence of entries in both events from the north shore. This is not as it should be, and certainly not the way to keep up a spirit of friendly rivalry in local aquatic events. It is this petty spirit of selfishness which, perhaps more than anything else, has injured Montreal's prospects in this sport. Cliques and exclusiveness may be very pleasing in some cases, but they are the ruin of amateur sport, and the sooner this fact is recognized the better it will be for aquatics generally, and, perhaps, in the future Montreal will not make such a pitiable showing as at the last C.A.A.O. regatta. For a city who will give ground to nobody in other branches of sport, the present state of things in aquatic circles is, to say the least, sad to contemplate. Wake up a little and show the public that genuine sport, not the possession of a paltry plated cup or medal, is the incentive to competition. All sports depend more or less on the public for support, and with some branches, as they are conducted at present, the public are getting very tired.

\* \* \*

Next week Montreal will be honoured with a visit from royalty, and of course the cricketers, with their usual foresight, will be on hand to engage in friendly strife with the blue jackets and their commanders. Why a sailor should be supposed a cricketer is one of those things that no fellow can find out, but the fact remains that there are able exponents of the grand old game sheltered behind the armour-clad leviathans of the sea and the Montreal men who undertake a leather chase with them will find that their work is cut out for them, and hard work at that. The Montreal, Bonaventure, West End and St. James Cricket clubs will send out a picked team to meet the mariners some day next week, when the man-of-war-men are in town, and no doubt the populace will turn out in big numbers at the Montreal grounds to see Jack at play.

\* \* \*

When, a little over two years ago, a few gentlemen got together and laid out the plans for the St. Lawrence Yacht Club, they could hardly have anticipated the success which was to crown their efforts. A new interest seemed to have sprung up in the sport, and the requirements of the club in the way of trophies have been generously met by the officers. The Levin cup may be mentioned as one of the most interesting prizes. It was decided to have the first class boats settle the question of supremacy among themselves. It has been done, and once more the Lulu is at the head of the procession. This yacht previous to Saturday week had already won the cup twice. Her victory over the Chaperon settles the matter, and the owners of the Lulu are now the permanent possessors of the cup. It was beastly weather for even a yacht race, but as it was going to be a battle of the skippers, and each was confident, no time was lost in getting a start. The conditions seemed about equal for each crew, and when the Lulu came in a winner it was due to the skill of Skipper Irving.

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It seems a pity that the Lulu did not take part in the yacht races on Saturday last, because she was the only one missing that would have tended to give the contest a thoroughly representative character. But the Valda, the Minnie A. and the Chaperon made an excellent race of it, the Minnie A. made a splendid struggle, and was only narrowly beaten out on time allowance. It is these close races that are responsible for a good deal of the existent yachting enthusiasm.

R. O. N.

### A Rich Oriental Library.

The Turkestan Library at Taschkent is among the largest collections of Islam literature. Its founder was General von Kaufmann, who, immediately after the battle of Samarkand, commissioned his clever private secretary, A. F. Fuhr, to institute a search for that celebrated library of Tamerlane, of which we read so much in Persian and Arabian writings. It soon appeared that all trace of the treasures, which had been brought from Asia, was lost; but Fuhr found many valuable and rare books among the Mullahs and the learned men of Samarkand and Taschkent. These he acquired part by persuasion and part by force, and thus formed the nucleus of a large library in Central Asia. At the time of the conquest of China it was greatly enriched by the costly collection of Chan Mahomed Rachim, but in order to rescue the books from the palace it had to be surrounded by a company of Cossacks, as some 20,000 freed Persian slaves were anxious to destroy the possessions of their former master. A large number of theological works, the property of Chan von Kokand, also passed into the library at a later date, and though a portion was afterwards carried off to the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, it still contains, besides many valuable printed books, one Turkish, six Arabic, and 69 Persian manuscripts of historical interest. Of this collection Herr E. T. Kall has prepared a catalogue, which greatly facilitates research.

## MILITARY NOTES.

The erection of works for the defence of Esquimaux and Victoria has been talked about for a long time, and at last it appears that something will soon be done. An Ottawa despatch states that Esquimaux is to be thoroughly fortified—lighter guns, however, to be used than at first intended; an earthwork is also to be thrown up along the five miles of coast line between that point and Victoria. It is a pity all this was not done years ago; no one knows how soon such works may be wanted. The plan proposed for manning them is not very clear; C Battery will probably have to do the bulk of the work, if not all.

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The militia event of last week was the annual meeting of the Ontario Rifle Association. All went merrily, and everything tended to show a steady increase of interest in this leading shooting fixture of the West. The old reliables were on hand in force, and plenty of both old and young unreliaables added their little pile to the treasurer's cash box, and a considerable deposit of lead to the undeveloped mine of that metal which enriches the butts. At the annual meeting, held on the ranges, the principal question debated was that of a new rifle range; a fair amount of warmth characterised the discussion, and gave a spicy and interesting turn to the proceedings. While the subject is of special and immediate interest to the Toronto battalions, it should also be taken hold of by the citizens in a serious and businesslike way. No city has more reason to be proud of the steadiness and efficiency of its troops than Toronto, and a little of its surplus civic pride would be turned to good account by presenting to its defenders a really first-class range—not as a loan, but as a gift.

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The Military League competitions are now closed for 1890. The annual meeting has been held. A balance can be struck and the profit and loss account carefully scanned. The effects have been far-reaching, and, as far as can be seen, beneficial in every particular. It has brought out strong teams from every first-class regiment in the service; it has shown that where shooting teams exist in country battalions they can hold their own well with their city confreres when placed on the same footing, viz., firing on their own range; and, by the publicity given to its results, it has done more to interest the general public in rifle-shooting than any previous attempt. While the result and the scoring were surprising, I firmly believe that both were honestly arrived at. The winning teams were firing on ranges they knew thoroughly, the weather could not possibly have been better on the days when the big scores were made, and careful and systematic coaching in many instances aided to the continuous display of the white disc. The Fifty-fourth, Lord Aylmer's regiment, are to be congratulated on their success. Among the illustrations in this paper to-day is one of the winning team. The trophy itself—the reward of all this steady shooting—is a beauty, and cannot fail to be one of the principal ornaments of the mess table of the 54th so long as they retain it. It was manufactured by the Meriden Britannia Co., of Hamilton, and speaks volumes for Canadian skill in design and finish. It stands 31 inches high, and the base is 22 inches long by 19 wide.

\* \* \*

If the report be true, we shall soon have the pleasure of welcoming to Canadian shores a corps not only with a distinguished record in the Imperial service, but with a special claim on Canadian affections, as one of the regiments which aided in rolling back the tide of American invasion in the war of 1812-15. The Eighth "King" is one of the oldest regiments in the service. Raised in 1685, it shared all the honours of Marlborough's brilliant campaigns, as attested by the inspiring and historic names of "Blenheim," "Kamillies," "Oudenarde" and "Malplaquet"; and although it was unfortunate enough to miss the glories of the Peninsula, Waterloo and the Crimea, its valour and daring did much to uphold the honour of the Crown in North America. Its second battalion, raised in 1756, was a few years later renumbered as the 63rd foot, whose steadiness and pluck at Inkerman no reader of Kinglake can overlook. The 8th will be the first "Royal" regiment in the Halifax garrison for a number of years; and no loyal Canadian who appreciates its heroic services at Fort George and Niagara in 1813, but will be proud of greeting again the "Kings."

\* \* \*

It is strange that, while persistent efforts to obtain recruits for the army are carried on all throughout the United Kingdom, no attempts towards that end have been made for many years in Canada. Physically, a better class of men could not be obtained in any part of the Empire; and while we annually furnish a stated number of officers to the service—while our *voynagers* were in great demand for arduous river work—and while much enquiry was made and a certain amount of business done in horses for military purposes—no efforts of any sort have been made to augment the rank and file by recruiting in the colonies. Canada should be a peculiarly desirable field for the enlistment of men not only on account of its being one of the most populous of the colonies, and, consequently, having the greatest proportion of the *flotsam* and *jetsam* class which principally furnishes recruits, but because she is specially and distinctively linked to the army by having at no very distant period raised one entire battalion for the Imperial service; its use not limited to one campaign, but for all time. The 100th "Royal Canadians" was wholly recruited and officered in Canada in 1858, and was sent to England

to help to relieve the strain that had been put on the Mother Country in that and the preceding year by the struggle in India, so closely following the Crimean war. It is probable that to-day not a single Canadian is in the ranks of that corps, so that the anomaly exists of a regiment bearing the name of a country with practically no representatives of that country amongst its members; not only so, but no effort whatever has been made by the Imperial authorities to induce Canadians to join its ranks. A strong link in the Imperial chain would be a regiment such as the 100th, with depot and headquarters always in Canada, and as largely as possible recruited there also; but doing duty wherever its services would be required by the Crown.

E.

## Toronto Theatricals.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The theatrical season has once more come round, and Toronto managers are hard at work completing arrangements to make their respective houses thoroughly comfortable for the coming attractions. The above house has been redone, almost remodeled, in all its interior furnishings, and now is without doubt the prettiest theatre in Canada. The gallery, which last year was along the back of the house, has been brought forward and extended along the sides, and is supplied with ornamented iron front, supplied with velvet plush cushions, and has a seating capacity of nearly 500. The ceiling and walls are beautifully tinted in a soft colour, and dotted here and there are stars and crowns. Eight private boxes have been put in, four on either side of the stage. They are very handsome, being done in carved wood, each one different and each one showing some subject pertaining to music or drama. The front of each is cushioned in plush. The proscenium arch is done in carved wood, all finished by hand, and is extremely handsome. The stage can be seen from every part of the house, and the acoustic properties are such as permit those in the back of the house to hear perfectly. The theatre is carpeted in a soft red stuff, very pretty and suitable. The entrance is adorned by some very effective fresco work, and is in keeping with the rest of the house. Mr. Percival S. Green has only standard attractions booked for his season, which promises to be very successful. The Academy opens on Monday, Sept. 8th, with the Boston Ideals in their new comic opera, "Fauvette," which is highly spoken of. On Sept. 15th a grand attraction is announced, with over 100 people on the stage. "The Prince and the Pauper" is the name of the piece. Mr. Greene has leased the opera house at Brantford for three years, and will supply the theatre-goers of that city with new and attractive pieces.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE opened last Monday night with Veronika Jarbeau in "Starlight." She made a great hit, and is well supported. The piece runs all week.

JACOB & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE commenced their season on Monday night last with Tony Pastor's Great Double Show. They have been playing to big houses, and the play goes well, evidently suiting the taste of the theatre's patrons.

## A Great Work.

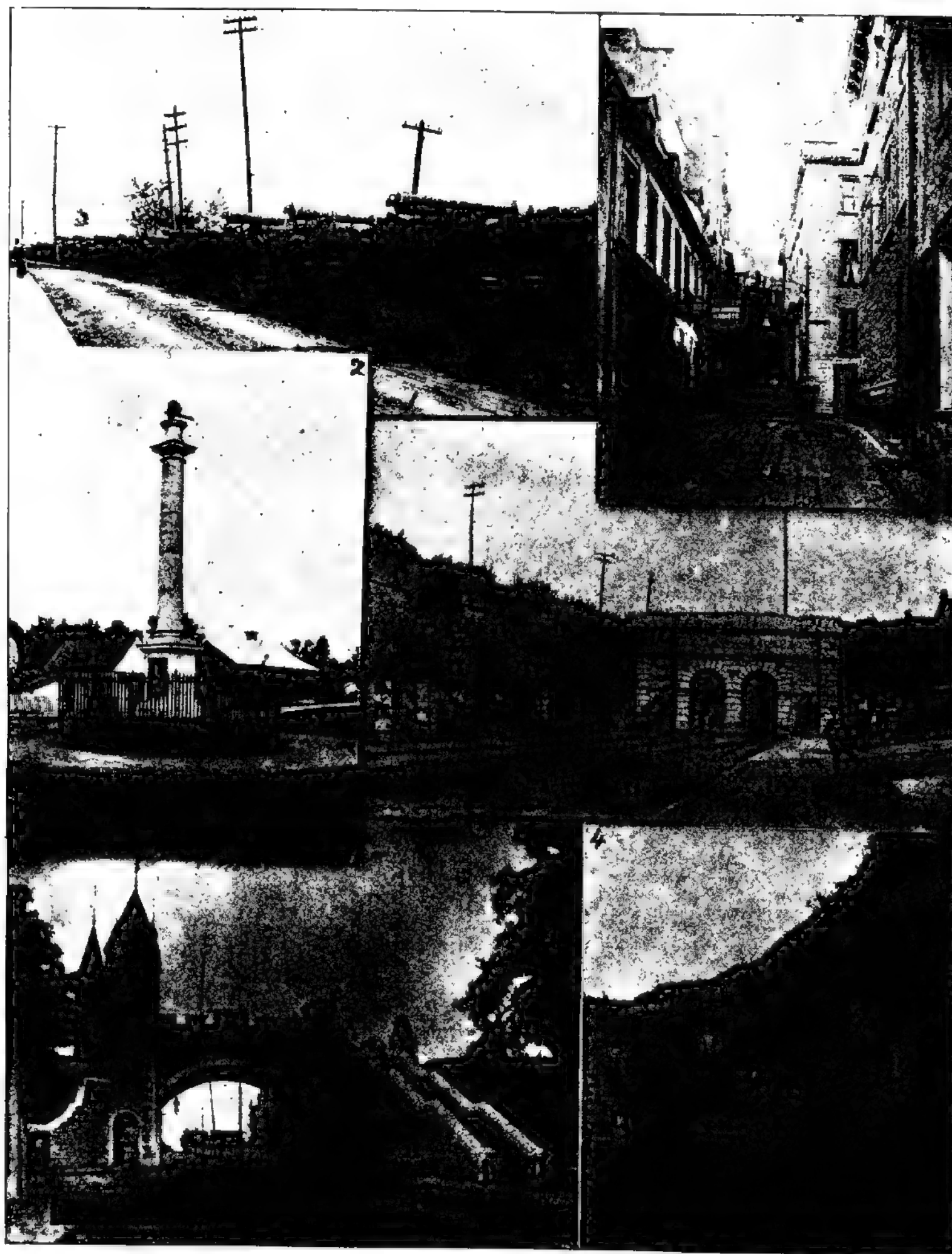
By far the most important recent event in the literary world in Paris has been the publication by Delagrave of the first number of the famous "Dictionnaire Générale de la Langue Française"—the authors of which are the late Professor Arsène Darmesteter, of the Collège de France, and Professor Hatzfeld—a work which is expected to revolutionize the system of dictionary-making hitherto in vogue, and even to supersede the colossal production of Littré. MM. Darmesteter and Hatzfeld's dictionary is an entirely new departure, for it represents the first attempt in any language to trace the historical development of the various meanings of words and to reduce them to one or two primitive significations. How great an advance this really is upon previous French dictionaries is shown by the fact that in cases where Littré gives 60 meanings or more to a common word, the new dictionary proves that they are all only the different uses of one or two original meanings. To take as an example at random the common word "bureau," which has found its way into so many of the languages of Europe; the new dictionary supplies its complete pedigree, showing that it was originally applied to a particular species of the woollen stuff named *bibbe*, with which desks and tables were covered. Then it came to be attributed to tables themselves, afterwards to the room in which the table was placed, and finally to the personages assembled in the room at the table in question.

## August.

O August, brown and sleepy-eyed and mellow,  
Cinctured with vines, and straying here and there  
And permeating all the odorous air  
With an auréole of translucent yellow,—  
A thrilled amber mist athwart the sun;  
Most loveable are thou beyond compare,  
Of all thy sisters like thee there is none,  
Not blushing June nor the coquettish May,  
Nor April that unknowing weeps and smiles,  
Nor fervid July sunning all the isles,  
Nor yet those cold white months with steely hair  
That wrap in shrouds to show the year is done;  
Stay with us sleepy mellow month, O stay!  
Here in some garden house by some lone bay.

Hernwood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAL.



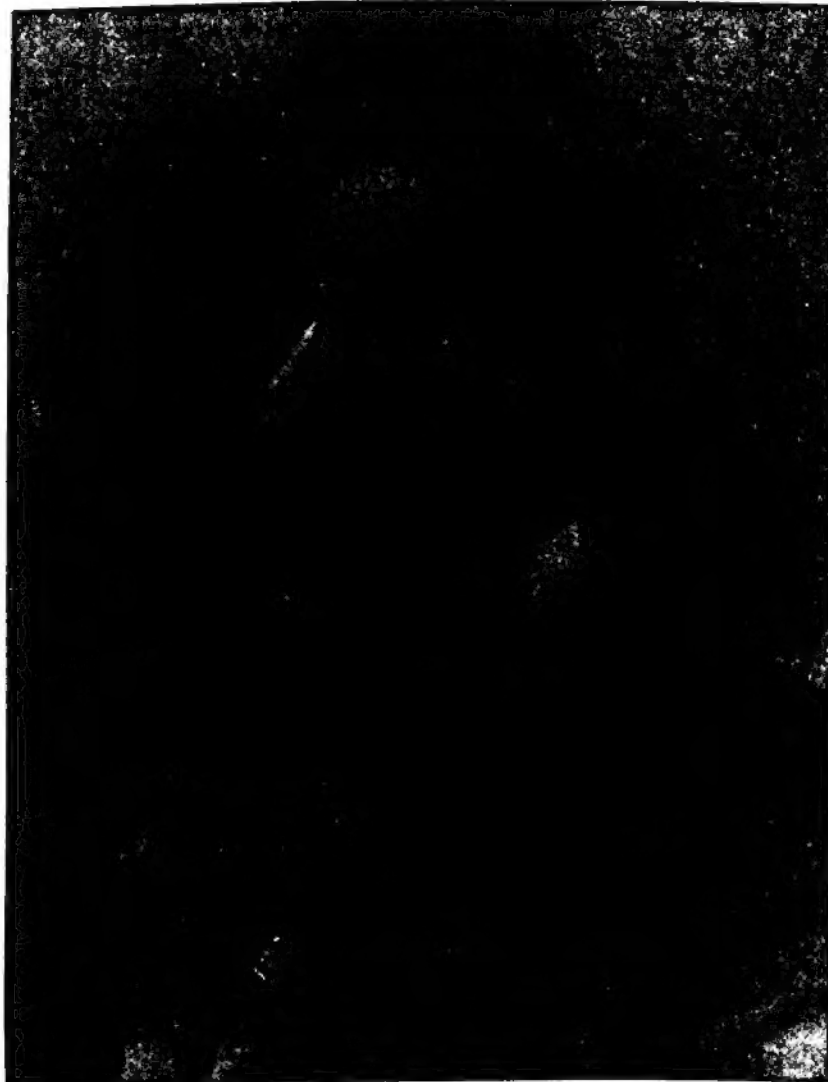
QUEBEC SCENES. (From photos. taken by G. R. Lighthall, Esq., N.P.)

1. The Grand Battery. 2. Wolfe's Monument. 3. St. John's Gate. 4. Chain Gate, Citadel Road. 5. St. Louis Gate. 6. Break-neck Stairs, Champlain Street.





MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN.

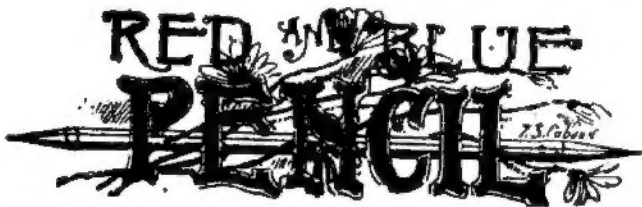


MR. GEORGE MARTIN.



DUNDURN CASTLE, HAMILTON. (Seat of the late Sir Allan Napier McNab.)





SAND BANKS, Ont., August, 1890.

To Heloise:

We have just returned from a pleasant after-dinner stroll in the tree-shadows past the cottages and on out to the point—and now I am come to rest awhile on the rocks to tell you all about the Sand Hills—the white dunes that stretch away northerly from the Lake Shore House. The great Lake—the fair Ontario—is calm to-day, only quiet waves drift languidly in, vanishing with a restful sigh as they touch the shore—and, as far as the eye can see, the waters are blue and limpid, and full of that same beautiful colouring you see everywhere in the Great Lakes, and down the grand St. Lawrence.

Near me the birds are singing—there is not a cloud in the sky—and what with a wealth of sun-gold, and a soft, perfumed wind stirring the woods to music, the summer day is ideal! I told you the dunes were white. Ten miles away, down in Picton, reviewed from Macaulay's Hill, they seem so in contrast with all that is dark about them, but really they are of a delicate fawn shade. Composed chiefly of quartz, the sand is fine and heavy, so that once, when a barrel of it was sent away several hundred miles distant, the barrel reached its destination—empty. The chain is composed of many hills, both large and small—the highest measuring perhaps more than a hundred feet, and here and there a growth of evergreens shadows the sands, which in dry weather sink away beneath one's feet, making the descent easy, but the climbing tiresome if the mercury is high.

Yesterday I climbed one of the hills, and rested there to read awhile from an old volume, and my thoughts soon filled with the poet-soul that had passed this way more than sixty years ago—in 1828—and how wild the great shore was then! And I sought the mood which was his at the time of writing—for this, to me, is the one true way to enjoy an author—and read again his verses, written here in 1828:

Here Nature in some playful hour,  
Has fondly piled these hills of sand,  
Which seem the frolic of her power,  
Or effort of some magic hand.

For o'er the wide extended shore,  
The hills in conic structure rise,  
And seem as never trod before,  
Save by the playmates of the skies.

And while the waves' reflected shade  
Is flung along each rising mound,  
I watch the curling figures made,  
Which half proclaim 'tis fairy ground.

Here Oberon, and Mab, his queen,  
Have colonised their infant train,  
From Scotland's hills, and Erin's green,  
Where many a happy day they've lain.

But joy be theirs—I will not bring  
One recollection to their view,  
Or of their harp touch one soft string,  
Or thoughts of other days renew.

Enough for me to gaze upon  
The wild-fruit nodding on each hill,  
Where thou, most generous Oberon,  
May'st sport and skip at pleasure's will.

Then fare thee well—still light and free  
As summer winds that fan the lake,  
On, onward to eternity,  
May grief nor care thee overtake.

Then in a note he calls these great wastes of white sand "a wild curiosity."

The writer is Adam Kidd, who in 1830 had printed at the office of the *Herald and New Gazette*, Montreal, a volume of 216 pages, dedicating it to Thomas Moore. The great Irish poet, too, enhanced the charm of Canadian scenery with the soul's creation of beauty—and there still is growing in the city of Kingston an old thorn tree, under whose shade he composed one of his odes.

I am digressing, but I have told you all I know of this wonderful shore, except that it is one of the relic-places of old pottery. I picked up several pieces of it this morning, across the sands yonder, where a white hill has drifted away, leaving the brown earth almost bare. It used to be made here—it may be a hundred years ago—it may be thousands—by the Indians, or by people who lived here before them—the Aztecs, or Toltecs, perhaps, driven south one day by tribes supposed to have come across the straits from Asia. And, you know, some go even so far as to believe our Indians to be the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel.

However, no one yet has told us surely who fashioned this pottery years ago here by the great Lake—and, perhaps, it will remain a mystery till the last day when, in keeping with a northern myth, Surtur shall come from Muspelheim—the flame-world—and destroy gods and earth with his fire. You remember those verses in *Voluspa*:

"Satur, from the South, wends  
With seething fire;  
The falchion of the Mighty One  
A sun-light flameth."

But, while I write, a dark figure comes across the white dunes—an Indian princess, beautiful as the summer day—her long hair full of dusky shadows—her eyes black like black velvet. At each step her small, bare, brown foot sinks in the hot sand; but a smile is on her lips, and her song is sweet like the voice of June. Years ago Iduna passed this way with her youth-giving apples, and, touched by the princess' beauty, gave her eternal access to her golden shores.

Onward she comes—the hills are cleared, and she passes away into the shadows of the forest, and I can hear her song no more. After all, she is only a creature of the imagination, you know, and the Sand Hills are without a foot-print; but the birds are still singing, and the great, blue lake, within touch of my hand, is real.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

### The Real Italy of the Renaissance.

The Italy of the Renaissance as we see it in the works of our tragic playwrights is a country of mysterious horror, the sinister reputation of which lasted two hundred years; lasted triumphantly throughout the light and finikin eighteenth century, and found its latest expression in the grim and ghastly romances of the school of Ann Radcliffe, romances which are but the last puny and grotesque descendants of the great stock of Italian tragedies, born of the first terror-stricken meeting of the Eng'land of Elizabeth with the Italy of the late Renaissance. Is the impression received by the Elizabethan playwrights a correct impression? Was Italy in the sixteenth century that land of horrors? Reviewing in our memory the literature and art of the Italian Renaissance, remembering the innumerable impressions of joyous and healthy life with which it has filled us; recalling the bright and thoughtless rhymes of Lorenzo dei Medici, of Politian, of Berni, and of Ariosto; the sweet and tender poetry of Bembo and Vittoria Colonna and Tasso; the bluff sensuality of novelists like Bandello and Masuccio, the Ari-tophanesque laughter of the comedy of Bibbiena and of Beolco; seeing in our mind's eye the stately sweet matrons and noble senators of Titian, the virginal saints and madonnas of Raphael, the joyous angels of Correggio;—recapitulating rapidly all our impressions of this splendid time of exuberant vitality, of this strong and serene Renaissance, we answer without hesitation, and with only a smile of contempt at our credulous ancestors. The Italy of the Renaissance was, of all things that have ever existed or ever could exist, the most utterly unlike the nightmare visions of men like Webster and Ford, like Marston and Tourneur. The only Elizabethan drama which really represents the Italy of the Renaissance is the comedy of Shakespeare, of Beaumont, and Fletcher, and of Ben Jonson and Massinger; to the Renaissance belong those clear and sunny figures, the Portias, Antonios, Grattanos, Violas, Petruchios, Bellarios and Almiras; their faces do we see on the canvases of Titian and the frescoes of Raphael; they are the real children of the Italian Renaissance. These frightful Brachianos and Annabellas and Ferdinands and Corombonas and Vindicis and Pieros of the "White Devil," of the "Duchess of Malfy," of the "Revenger's Tragedy," and of "Antonio and Mellida," are mere fantastic horrors, as false as the Counts Udolpho, the Spalartos, the Zastrozzis, and all their grotesquely ghastly pseudo-Italian brethren of eighty years ago.

And, indeed, the Italy of the Renaissance, as represented in its literature and its art, is the very negation of Elizabethan horrors. Of all the mystery, the colossal horror and terror of our dramatists, there is not the faintest trace in the intellectual productions of the Italian Renaissance. The art is absolutely stainless; no scenes of horror, no frightful martyrdoms as with the Germans under Albrecht Dürer; no abominable butcheries as with the Bolognese of the seventeenth century; no macerated saints and tattered assassins, as with the two Spaniards; no mystery, no contortion, no horrors; vigorous and serene beauty, pure and cheerful life, real or ideal, on wall or canvas, in bronze or marble. The literature is analogous to the art, only less perfect, more tainted with the weakness of humanity, less ideal, more real. It is essentially human, in the largest sense of the word; or if it cease, in creatures like Aretine, to be humanly clean, it becomes merely satyrlike, swinish, hircose. But it is never savage in lust or violence; it is quite free from the element of ferocity. It is essentially light and quiet and well regulated, sane and reasonable, never staggering or blinded by excess; it is full of intelligent discrimination, of intelligent leniency, of well-bred reserved sympathy; it is civilized as are the wide well-paved streets of Ferrara compared with the tortuous black alleys of mediæval Paris; as are the well-lit, clean, spacious palaces of Michelozzo or Bramante compared with the squalid, unhealthy, uncomfortable mediæval castles of Dürer's etchings. It is indeed a trifle too civilized; too civilized to produce every kind of artistic fruit—and here comes the crushing difference between the Italian Renaissance and our Elizabethans' pictures of it—it is, this beautiful literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, completely deficient in every tragic element; it has intuition neither for tragic event nor for tragic character; it affords not a single tragic page in its poems and novels; it is incapable, after the most laborious and conscientious study of Euripides and Seneca, utterly and miserably incapable of producing a single real tragedy, anything which is not a sugary pastoral or a pompous rhetorical exercise. The epic poets of the Italian Renais-

sance, Pulci, Boiardo, Berni and Ariosto, even the stately and sentimental Tasso are no epic poets at all. They are mere light and amusing gossips, some of them absolute buffoons. Their adventures over hill and dale are mere riding parties, their fights mere festival tournaments, their enchantments mere pageant wonders. Events like the death of Hector, the slaughter of Penelope's suitors, the festive massacre of Chriemhild, the horrible deceit of Alfonso the Chaste sending Bernardo del Carpio his father's corpse on horseback—things like these never enter their minds. When tragic events do by some accident come into their narration, they cease to be tragic; they are frittered away into mere pretty conceits like the death of Isabella and the sacrifice of Olympia in the "Orlando Furioso;" or melted down into vague pathos, like the burning of Olindo and Sofronia and the death of Clorinda by the sentimental Tasso. Neither poet, the one with his cheerfulness, the other with his mild melancholy, brings home, conceives the horror of the situation; the one treats the tragic in the spirit almost of burlesque, the other entirely in the spirit of elegy.—Vernon Lee.

### Some Old Canadian Customs.

Some old beliefs that once existed among the *habitants*, are, M. LeMay, the translator of *Evangeline*, tell us, fast dying away. One of them was that of the temporary resurrection, at Christmastide, of the last *cure* of the parish, who, with his dead flock around him, recited the office for the day, his ghostly audience repeating the responses. Another tradition is that on Christmas night the light of the stars penetrates the opened recesses of the earth, sometimes revealing hidden treasures. The supposed genuflections of the oxen at that sacred season are common to most Christian communities. With Christmas among the French-Canadians, as among other peoples, are connected many curious rhymes which have been handed down from generation to generation. The strangest of these is what is known as *La Guignolée*, of which there are several versions. It is more immediately associated with New Year's Day than with Christmas, but formerly the two holidays were closely related. The Christmas season may, indeed, be said to terminate only with Epiphany, which by many is still called Old Christmas Day. The origin of *La Guignolée* is unknown. The explanation *au gui, l'an neuf!* (the one generally given) would carry the custom back to the Druids and the gathering of the sacred mistletoe (*gui, viscum*) to which Pliny makes reference (*Nat. Hist.* xvi., 249). The custom is still kept up, M. Sulte says, in some parishes of the Province of Quebec, of singing the *Guignolée* on the evening of St. Sylvester's day, that is New Year's Eve. As the words of this ancient invocation may be new to some, I append one of the versions contained in the *Chansons populaires du Canada* of M. Ernest Gagnon:

"Bonjour le maître et la maîtresse  
Et tout le monde de la maison.  
Pour le dernier jour de l'année  
La Ignolée vous nous devez.  
Si vous voulez rien nous donner  
Dites-nous-le,  
On emmènera seulement  
La fille aînée.  
On lui fera faire bonne chère,  
On lui fera chauffer les pieds.  
On vous demande seulement  
Une chignée,  
De vingt à trente pieds de long  
Si vous voulez-e.  
La Ignolée, la Ignoloche,  
Mettez du lard dedans ma poche!  
(Quand nous fum's au milieu du bois,  
Nous fum's à l'ombre;  
J'entendais chanter le coucou  
Et la Coulombe,  
Rossignolet du vert bocage  
Rossignolet du bois joli,  
Eh! va-t-en dire à ma maîtresse  
Que je meurs pour ses beaux yeux.  
Tout' fille qui n'a pas d'amant,  
Comment vit-elle?  
Elle vit toujours en soupirant  
Et toujours veille."

J. R.

### The International Chess Tournament at Manchester.

Writing in advance of this interesting contest, which began on the 25th ult., the *London Times* says:—Chess players generally will be pleased to hear that Captain Mackenzie, the United States chess champion, has signified his intention of playing at Manchester. He had engaged to leave New York on July 20. Since gaining first prize at Frankfort in 1887 and second at Bradford in 1888, Captain Mackenzie has been compelled to abstain from match chess, and could not participate even in the American International Chess Tournament at New York last year, though when well enough he was on the spot watching the proceedings with great interest. His chivalry in coming from America to take part in the forthcoming competition will be greatly appreciated. A powerful list of entries seems certain. Representatives from Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and Holland are announced, and there will be a fair array of British masters.



# Tom's Yarn.

A TALE OF ENTERPRISING YOUNG CANADA.

By SPRIGGINS.

I am a modest youth withal—don't laugh, it is a fact—and what a position was there! A pretty girl, advancing with arms half extended, with an expression of tender regard in her eyes, and I the object of it all!

But surely her conduct was, to put it mildly, rather unusual, for she seemed to be a lady. She was dressed like one, and there was an indescribable air of refinement about her; it is hard to express, but you know what I mean. The air of culture and breeding which, to the initiated, and, indeed, to anybody, marks a difference between the woman, be she young or old, who is in the enjoyment of superior social advantages, and the woman who is not.

I was interested and, I may add, somewhat embarrassed. Dimly it was manifested to me that there was an absurd mistake somewhere. And this, in part, restored my self-possession. I decided that as she had made the first move she should discover for herself that it was a false one. I would not deceive her, and I prepared myself to have what fun I could whilst the delusion lasted. Fatal resolution, framed in the recklessness that is the curse of my nature—that bids me speak when wise men keep silence and urges me on to actions that my calmer and better self recoils from.

We shook hands—such a delightfully soft little hand she had! And how confidently it nestled in mine, responding coyly when I ventured to press it. Her laughing dark eyes regarded me seriously until they sank from mine, in beautiful confusion, behind thick drooping lashes.

I said I was most fortunate to have hit upon that particular day to take passage down the river. Again she lifted her eyes and looked curiously at me, replying it was most fortunate. Then we both smiled. She, as I thought, mischievously, evidently enjoying something awkward and uncertain in my demeanour.

Now, I pride myself on possessing a good average share of assurance. Not that offensive, case-hardened, self-assertiveness that is so all-prevailing nowadays, but a more refined and insinuating type of the same; and it put me on my mettle to think that possibly, after all, I was mistaken in her. She might all the while be despising me in her heart as a great, shy booby. The very idea was torture to a sensitive nature like mine. So I pulled myself together and drew her to a seat by the hand which I still retained in mine. We sat down side by side. I lay back and regarded her a moment, trying, as I dare affirm, not unsuccessfully, to assume the air of one with whom it was quite an ordinary occurrence to be accosted by strange and charming damsels.

"It is almost too light to be perfectly enjoyable," I said at length. "In a short time the moon will be up, and we can admire its effect on the water—strange effect, moon on the water—great opportunity for abstract contemplation. It seems somehow to enliven one's sentiment! We can put our heads together and compare impressions. I take an intense interest in that sort of thing, don't you?" And I looked sharply at her to note how she would stand that.

She laughed, not a bit confused, though, bless you. "None of your nonsense, now, young man," was the light reply; "oblige me by giving an account of yourself."

"Ah! decidedly a case of mistaken identity," I again assured myself, then—

"I have many important communications to make to you," I declared, "but first tell me where are you going?"

"Oh, I am taking a little pleasure trip. I have just returned from England, where I have been at school for the last three or four years," and again she favoured me with a quick, sharp glance.

"Are you travelling alone?" I queried.

She leaned back in her chair, ignoring the question, and began to cross-examine me. I informed her I hailed from Winnipeg, selecting at random the most remote place that occurred to me.

"Do you belong to Winnipeg?" she asked.

"Yes; born there!" I declared briskly. "Spent the last five years on the prairie. My father owns a large ranche about fifty miles from the city, and I have charge of it! There, that settles it!" I thought regretfully, for I was sorry to think of our short *little-à-little* being ended. To my surprise, she heard me with supreme concern.

"Tell me about it, please," she entreated, "it must be a splendid life! I have heard so much about it all, but never before met anybody who has actually lived the life, as you have. I am curious to learn something about it."

"Oh! we get up at daylight, ride about all day, and then go to sleep at sunset—very healthy life! Lots of exercise, and terribly hungry at meals. The great drawback is the scarcity of ladies," and I bobbed my head at her. We both laughed, and she proceeded with her questions. As I am a pretty good extemporaneous liar, we got along famously, and the air of attention with which she listened was most flattering; it stimulated me to keep the business going.

As time passed, the darkness gathered. One by one the passengers retired to the saloon, leaving us alone on the after deck, snugly ensconced in our retired corner. By this time I was in a state of bewilderment only equalled by the pleasure I experienced in her society. It was all so delightfully improper, and, at the same time, so perfectly was her manner towards me in keeping with all one's notions

of what it should be that I was strangely attracted. The glances she gave me from time to time, I watched for eagerly, and when she did look I felt a vague disquiet. I have already tried to tell you how her face affected me. It was as if I had known her in some previous existence. Perhaps I had. Who can say?

Maybe you will understand if I put it like this: Can any of you recall to mind a face that haunts your more softened and remorseful moods? A sweet, tender face, with loving eyes and bright, youthful, quivering red lips—the face of a young girl who loves you, despite your wrong-doing? Who will continue loving to the end, and to whom your love, such as you can spare her from more exacting calls, is given. What! you have none of you known it? Out upon you for three unregenerate wretches! There is no hope for you! Nothing to restrain you in your base career of self advancement and self-jollification which we all of us, to a greater or less extent, follow in this world.

There was, and there is still, a subtle chain which links my soul to that girl's soul. A connection which will last as long as our two lives last, and which will, I hope, continue in the afterlife. For, in spite of all, I love her, false as she is. And she loves me, too; but I anticipate.

As I said, we were become quite sociable, and chatted away like friends of long standing.

When the deck was quite deserted, save by ourselves, I drew my seat closer to hers, and threw my arm carelessly over the back of her chair, rattling on all the while about my imaginary adventures in the western wilds.

Softened and all as my feeling towards her was, I could not but wonder at the mysteries about her. Who could she be, and why had she spoken to me? Her manner and her speech were undoubtedly those of a lady. But again, whatever made her address me! No lady would do a thing like that without a reason. She was possessed of an insatiable curiosity regarding my western life, and mercilessly urged me on whenever my overtaxed invention halted. I had several times tried to turn the conversation, so as to draw her out, and, if possible, gratify my curiosity regarding her. But she, in the calmest way and, seemingly, ignorant of my design, invariably foiled me.

Now, I determined on a desperate move, which would, at all events, drop the curtain on this farce and place matters on a plain basis.

"One thing is very striking to a stranger out there," I said. "When a man becomes comfortably settled, with a balance of money on hand and every prospect of future prosperity, he naturally thinks of getting married. He puts on his best clothes, curls his long hair in a picturesque style over his shoulders, crowns it with the regulation ranchman's broad-brimmed, soft, white felt hat, and rides into Winnipeg. At the Immigrant Sheds he is shown the latest batch of new arrivals from the Old Country. He inspects the females of the party critically, and selects the one most pleasing in his sight, shows the title of his lands and all that to the Government Immigration Officer, is duly approved of, and marries the lady at once."

"But surely he asks her if she will have him first!" she demanded.

"Oh, yes! But that is a mere matter of form. They have all come out for the purpose of getting a husband."

"Oh!" in a tone of shocked surprise, "is there no courtship?"

"Courtship! No, indeed. We rush things out there at high pressure. Life is too short for any preliminary love-making. The harvest is waiting, or the cattle is ready to be sold, or something demands immediate attention on the ranche. We have no time for bashful hesitation."

"For example, here am I, a young man from the West, and you are fresh from the Old Country. Unfortunately, my time is limited. There are heaps of delightful tactics I should like to go through, but the exigencies of western pioneer life will not permit of it. I see you, and fall madly in love—the one deep, all-absorbing passion of a heart capable of abnormal tenderness. In short, the love of one heretofore precluded from all such delights by a wild solitary life, remote from feminine influence. There is no time to spare—must return to the ranche in a few days at the latest. So I dare not postpone the avowal. And besides—horrible idea!—another man might appear, and before one could wink, he would, perhaps, snatch you up under my very nose. Just realize the position, please! Knowing, as I do, the state of life in the West, I do not hesitate. I say to you, Miss —, well never mind the name; 'tis of little consequence, and I hope to have it changed for better or for worse soon. I have a magnificent capital of brains and business enterprise. My estate near Red Dog station is probably the most swampy and uninhabitable tract in the most swampy and uninhabitable county in Manitoba. It only lacks one thing—and that is a mistress. You are the girl to suit me! Will you be a mistress. You are the girl to suit me! Will you be a mistress? Will you confer upon me the inestimable treasure of your love? Your answer—I am all impatience!"

"I decline," she said smiling. "Brains and business enterprise are not exactly practical assets. And a tract of uninhabitable swamp is certainly not inviting."

I drew a deep, long breath, and braced myself; for the crisis was at hand. Then, trying to speak lightly, though my heart was thumping against my ribs and raising a horrible row, I said, laughing:

"Now, I come to the second and, sometimes, more convincing argument." And slipping my arm from the back of her chair, I passed it around her, drew her to me until her head lay confidently on my shoulder. She looked up at me and smiled softly. Oh, the bliss of it all! The moon

shone down on her upturned face, her eyes peered coyly at me through half closed lashes, pouting red lips, slightly parted, revealed two rows of small, pearly teeth behind. Bewitching and irresistibly tempting!

In that moment of triumph, how I scorned myself for my late ignoble timidity. Truly, none but the brave deserve the fair! I winked pensively out over the waters and congratulated myself then, and who would not! I even bent my head and imprinted a tender, chaste greeting. Our lips met, and our eyes smiled encouragement.

But a cruel interruption came. Whilst my soul conferred with her soul, whilst our natures sympathized one with the other, rejoicing each in having at length found a responsive affection such as both had ever yearned for vaguely, a dark shadow was suddenly cast over us, and a hand laid heavily on my shoulder.

"Well, young man, what may you be doing?"

I started, the voice seemed not unfriendly, but the grip, tightening on my shoulder, was certainly hostile. Quickly I withdrew my arm from about the young lady's waist, then I wrenched myself free from the grasp and stared up at the speaker. Was I to rest quietly and suffer such a rude and, by me at least, undeserved interruption? Surely not! The moonlight was at his back, so I could only see the outline of the figure, which was that of a man much older than myself. We eyed each other a moment. I looked at my fair friend, she was smiling; apparently to her this was all was very diverting. Again I regarded the new comer.

"Where the deuce did you come from, may I ask?" I retorted calmly. Nothing like keeping cool and ignoring all questions in a case like this. Evidently my remark told, for he seemed rather disconcerted. I turned to my charming friend, and was about to speak again, when she burst out laughing. I gazed open-mouthed at her, angry and puzzled. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, when, at length, she got the better of her merriment, "was ever anything so ridiculous! Just fancy, papa, Tom has been flirting with me in the most outrageous manner for the last three hours. He was illustrating to me the way they make love out in the North-West when you came up. Oh, he has said such absurd things! She rose, took my father's arm, for the old gentleman was none other, and marched off. And as I followed sheepishly after them I heard her relate in detail the things I had said, and, horror! those I had done. I realized that I was bound to become the laughing stock of all my friends for the next three months. It was my sister Katie all the time! She had been away at school in England the last four years, and was returning when I encountered her. She came over by steamer to New York and my father met her at Montreal. She recognized me at once, and seeing by my manner that I did not know her, basely led me on as I have described. She has, of course, told everybody about it, and made my life generally miserable ever since. Now I dare not refuse her anything—dare not even treat her with the scant ceremony that I, in common with other brothers, believe so productive of good in one's intercourse with one's sister. She at once crushes me by hinting at the difference in my demeanour since I discovered she was not some other fellow's sister. But these family matters are uninteresting."

And Tom sighed, refilled his glass, and gazed at us with a most woe-begone expression, though a droll twinkle in the corner of his eye told that he appreciated the joke quite as much as anybody.

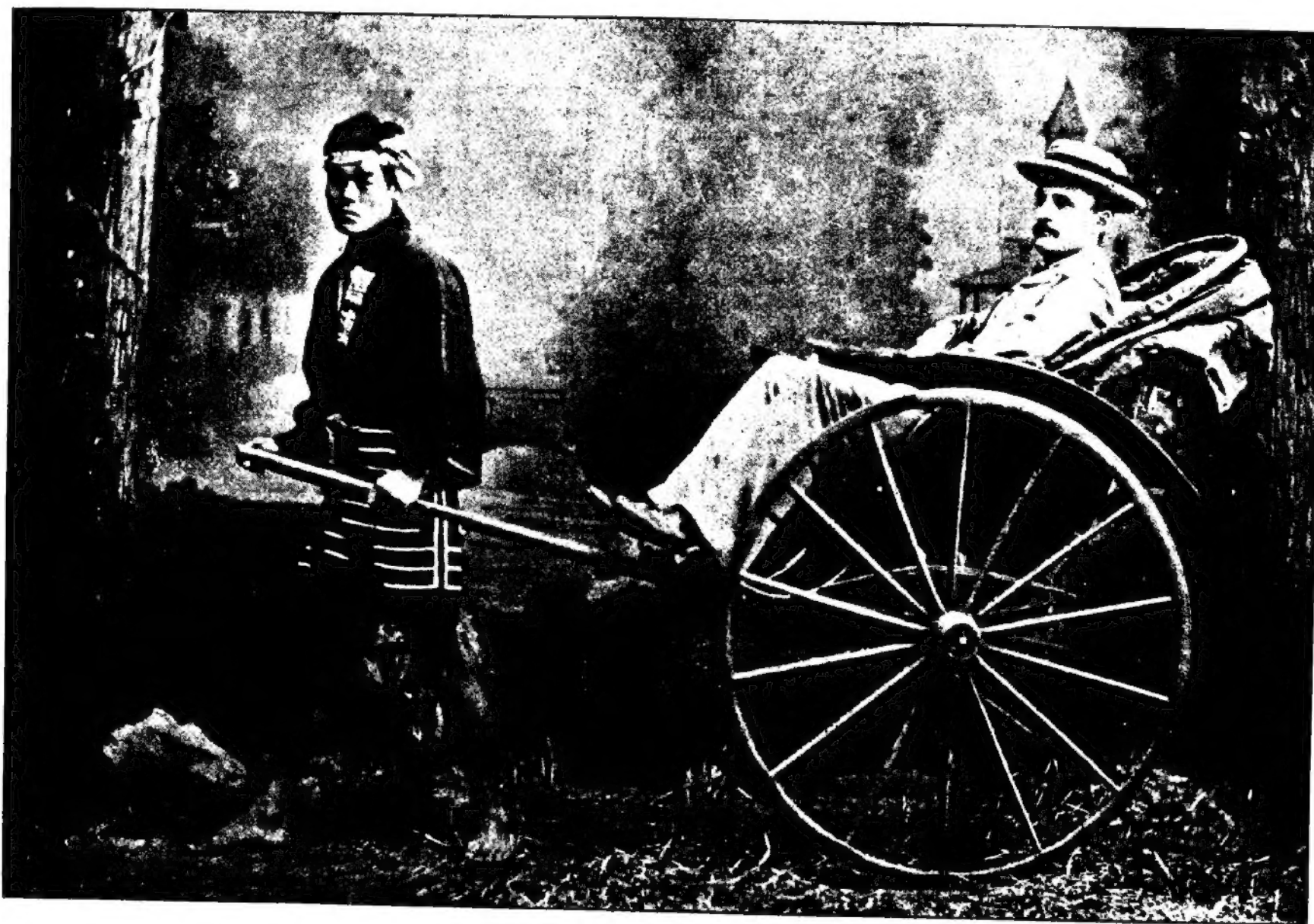
THE END.

## Keats and Shelley.

Keats and Shelley stand side by side as the two great ideal artists of their generation; but they never appreciated each other. There is no excuse for seeking the reason in anything so dishonourable as jealousy; for neither could by possibility have thought the other was over-rated by the world. And, if we admit Mr. Rossetti's explanation that Keats was rendered captious and irritable by disease, this will not account for the slighting and unsympathetic way in which Shelley spoke of all his works except "Hyperion." He evidently regarded Keats as a man of genius, who was in great danger of wasting himself; and, even in "Adonais," he inclined to number him with the inheritors of unfulfilled renown; and the enumeration shows that this is not to be taken simply of the gifted souls, whose names must be left to wait for justice from posterity. The fact is, each of them felt the faults of the other; and the reason that Shelley, with this feeling, spoke more warmly of Keats than Keats spoke of him, is not wholly that he was more generous, but also that he was less critical.

Of all great poets, Keats was the most literary; and it was natural that he should be exacting. To him poetry was an end in itself; its mission was simply to fill and satisfy the spirits with images of objective loveliness. His philosophy, so far as he had one, was a judicious quietism—a seeking of the beautiful where it was to be found, in the ordered stability of nature, and in the rich moments of life which come to those who are ready for them. It is certain that he came nearer than Shelley to the temper of most great poets, of Homer and Sophocles, of Pindar and Shakespeare, of Chaucer and Goethe. Perhaps he was right in recoiling from Shelley's subjective fervour, from his feverish pursuit of an impalpable progress, as Shelley was right in warning him against his tendency to bury every subject he undertook under a profusion of flowers. It may be questioned whether Shelley's power was not higher; but Keats was justified in feeling that his own aims in poetry were surer.





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#### HUMOROUS.

FORWARD watch: Eight bells, and all's well. Sea sick old lady: He wouldn't say so if he knew how badly I feel!

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence instead of making such an awkward job of climbing?"

MRS. HOUTEN: You belong to a very old family, Mr. Nemo, I believe? Mr. Nemo: No'm; not me. I guess you're thinkin' of my darter 'Liza.

"PURFESSOR, what's the difference, anyhow, between a fiddle an' a violin?" "Ze same defferenz zat eggzeest between ze veedler an' ze violinist."

"I is"—began Tommy, when his teacher interrupted him. "That is wrong: you should say I am," "All right," said Tommy. "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

CHICAGO TEACHER: Yes, corned beef is one of our most famous exports. Now, who can tell me what stands next to corned beef? Boston little boy (triumphantly): Cabbage.

COUNTRYMAN: You got lost, you say? How long have you been without anythin' to eat? Dude (feebly): I've had enough to eat all along, but I've been without cigarettes for three days.

It was at a time when the moon may be seen faintly during the day that little Ted came running into his mother with the exclamation, "Oh, mamma, God's forgotten to take the moon in!"

WOMAN-LIKE.—Bessie: One of the horrid papers has sent an artist and a reporter here to write up the bathing scenes. I think they are over there on that sandbank. Jennie: How scandalous. Let us go over where they are and sit down.

HUSBAND: Well, my dear, what did the magnetic physician say to you? Wife: He says I am a sick woman, and that my nervous system is not in equilibrium. He says I am too positive. Husband: Humph! I could have told you that and saved a half-guinea.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE LAST.—Jones: Who is that striking-looking man over there?

Seems like a popular sort of chap." Brown: Mistake! He's the last man we fellows will have anything to do with. Jones: Extraordinary! Brown (easily): Not at all; he's the undertaker.

#### Roman Remains.

Another monument of the old Roman city which lies buried in the neighbourhood at Frankfurt was brought to light a short time ago. The name of the city has not yet been fixed, but the latest suggestions, made by Dr. Riese, point to the ancient Nidodunum or Nidobriga. As early as 1826 an altar was found, and a few years ago a giant pillar was brought up and placed in the Historical Museum. Dr. A. Hammerman has now found the companion pillar, which is, however, broken, but the head is intact. It represents an equestrian figure of Jupiter, under whose horse a giant with the body of a serpent is writhing. Jupiter is represented after the manner of the Roman emperors, a portion of the mantle being well preserved, and the whole work shows signs of great care.

#### The Japan Quince.

Japan, or Scarlet-flowering Quince, is too well known to need description or recommendation, but it might be often used more effectively than it is. It is easily propagated by cuttings of the roots in a hot-bed with a gentle heat, by offshoots or layering, and if any one who may have a use for the plants will bend down the outer branches of a bush, and bury a portion of the stem with earth, he will, in two years' time, have a lot of plants with which can be made a very ornamental hedge. There are many places where a short hedge of two or three rods is more tasty and beautiful than a fence, and the Cydonia Japonica makes an efficient substitute, as the thorns will turn stock. For massing in large groups this plant is excellent, its scarlet bloom and glossy foliage being showy and beautiful. Its singular, unshapely fruit, borne on mature bushes, is not poisonous, as some imagine, nor is it of much value.—*Vick's Magazine.*

#### An Interesting Community.

A correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* gives some particulars of the tribe of German people who inhabit the *sette comuni* in the province of Vicenza, on the Tyrolean boundary. These people, who have been separated from the rest of the German nation for many centuries, retain, in the midst of their Italian surroundings, a language of Teutonic origin, which they call "cimbric," and trace their descent to the remainder of the Cimbri, who were conquered and dispersed by Marius in the year 101. According to Schmeller they are in all probability Alemanni, who settled in these mountain regions after the battle of Tolpiacum. Though the Italian language is fully established in the pulpit, there is occasionally a tender clinging to the old dialect of their forefathers in the death announcement. In the dialect may be seen the earlier forms of modern High German, and the connection with English is frequently apparent.

#### An Extraordinary Affection.

A curious phase of disease is recorded by the Vienna medical journals. A young man, who appears to be in good health in every respect, and who shows no abnormal symptoms while he is within doors, appears to have an ungovernable desire for the sunlight. As soon as he is outside on a sunny day, he fixes his eyes upon that "greater light," and instead of being dazzled by the strength of its rays like ordinary mortals, he is able to stare right into the glare, and his eyes seem to open wider and wider as he looks. The man spreads his legs so as to acquire a firm footing, his limbs become paralysed; and for the time he hears no one speak to him, sees nothing but the sun, and appears dead to the rest of his surroundings. After about ten minutes, when the retina has become wearied, he falls powerless to the ground, where he remains a few minutes. Then he raises himself slowly, walks about, and presently he is subject to the same attraction again, and all the phenomena above described are gone through a second time.